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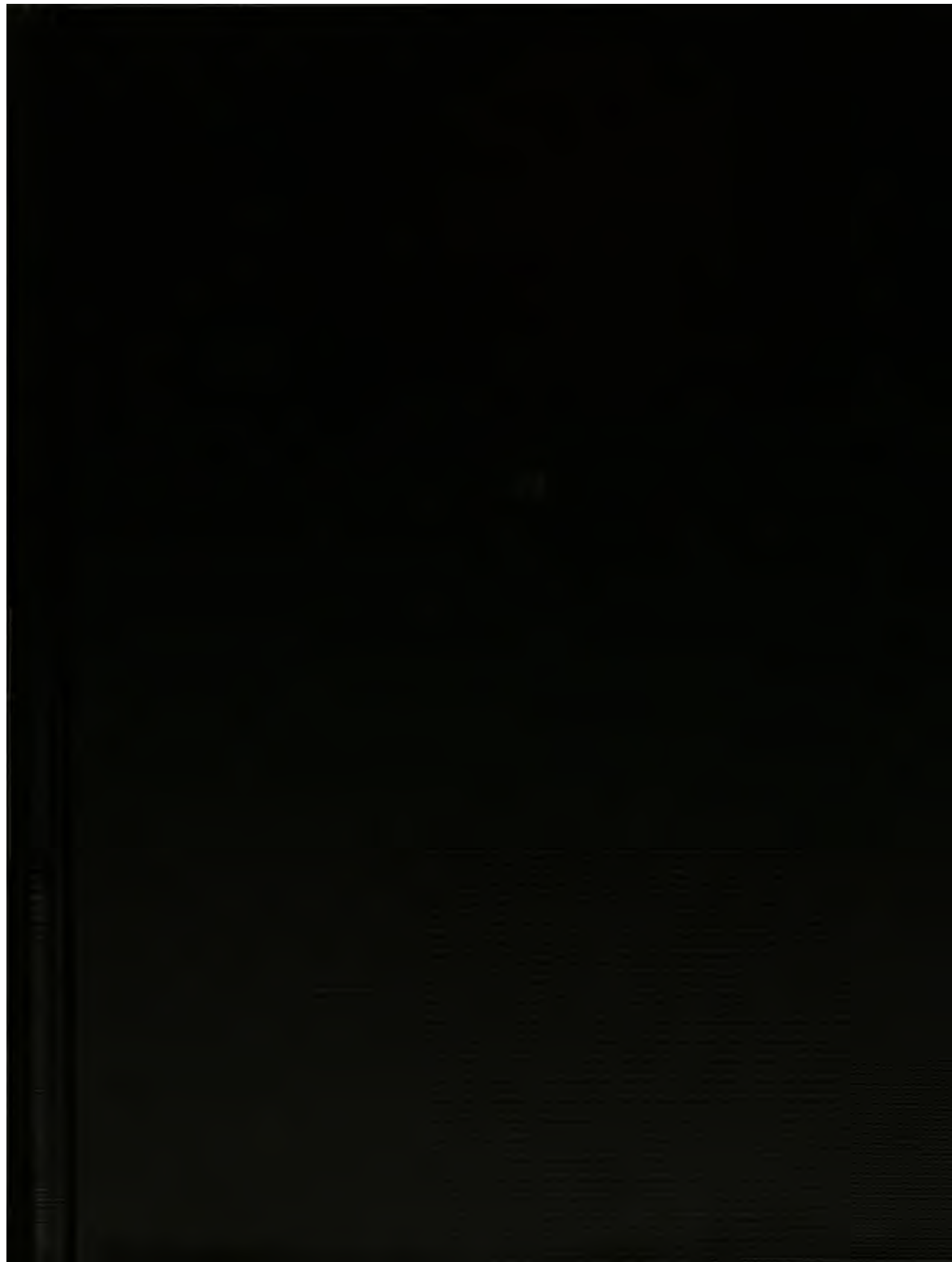
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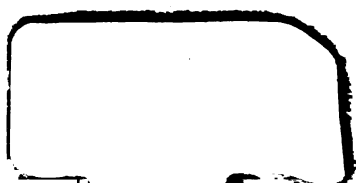
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JUN 25 1922

VOL. 20

No. 1

# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 77



*RARE LINCOLNIANA—No. 17*

COMPRISING

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN . . . . . (The late) Rev. Cyrus T. Brady  
THE NATION'S WAIL . . . . . (The late) Rev. George Duffield (1865)  
CAPTAIN LINCOLN *vs.* PRIVATE THOMPSON . . . (1832) Frank E. Stevens  
A NEW LINCOLN STORY . . . . . M. C. deK.  
MEMORIES OF LINCOLN . . . . . Rev. C. S. Bullock  
THE TALL STRANGER ON DORCHESTER HEIGHTS, (The late) Albert D. Pentz

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

REPRINTED

WILLIAM ABBATT

1921

BEING EXTRA NUMBER 77 OF THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES



**THE  
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY  
WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES**

**Extra Numbers 77-80  
VOL. XX**

**WILLIAM ABBATT**

**TARRYTOWN**

**NEW YORK**

**1922**



# THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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**Extra Numbers 77-80**

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## CONTENTS

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.....	( <i>The late</i> ) <i>Rev. Cyrus T. Brady</i>
THE NATION'S WAIL.....	( <i>The late</i> ) <i>Rev. George Duffield</i> (1865)
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THE TALL STRANGER ON DORCHESTER HEIGHTS,	
	( <i>The late</i> ) <i>Albert D. Penix</i>
THE WELCH INDIANS.....	<i>George Burder</i> (1787)
A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.....	<i>Sir Roger De Coverly</i> (1775)
COUNT THE COST.....	<i>Jonathan Steadfast</i> (David Daggett)
ELEGIAC EPISTLES (1780).....	<i>Abelard</i>





## INDEX

- Anderson, John D., Lincoln's first  
Cabinet..... 77: 49  
Anderson, Lieut. Robert, U. S. A... 77: 44
- Baker, Edward D..... 77: 44  
Beatty, Rev. Charles..... 78: 97  
Bishop, Abraham..... 80: 175 et seq.  
BonHomme Richard..... 80: 195 et seq.  
Bowles, William A..... 78: 82  
Brady, Rev. Cyrus T., Washington  
and Lincoln..... 77: 5  
Brim —..... 79: 122 et seq.  
Browning, O. H..... 77: 44  
Bullock, Ref. C. S., Memories of  
Lincoln..... 77: 57  
Bumper, Justice..... 79: 119 et seq.  
Burder, Rev. George, The Welch  
Indians..... 78: 75
- Captain Lincoln and Private Thompson  
Frank E. Stevens..... 77: 43  
Chamberlain, Hon. D. H., Interview  
with Lincoln..... 77: 65  
Chase, S. P..... 77: 53  
Count the Cost. David Daggett 80: 1 et seq.  
Croghan, George..... 78: 84  
Cure for the Spleen, A Jonathan  
Sewall..... 79: 117
- Daggett, David, Count the Cost... 80: 1  
Davis Jefferson..... 77: 44  
Dryden, John..... 79: 127  
Duffield, Rev. George, The Nation's  
Wail..... 77: 29
- Edward, Rev. Morgan..... 78: 95  
Elegiac Epistles. By "Abelard" ... 80: 195  
"Eloisa"..... 80: 195 et seq.
- Fillpot —..... 79: 119 et seq.  
Graveairs —..... 79: 120 et seq.
- Johnston, Albert Sidney..... 77: 44  
Jones, Morgan..... 78: 106  
Jones, John Paul..... 80: 193 et seq.
- Jones, Rev. Thomas..... 78: 95  
Judd, Major William..... 80: 181
- LINCOLN ABRAHAM  
—and Oxford..... 77: 67  
—and Private Thompson (F. E.  
Stevens)..... 77: 43  
—and the Tariff (H. White)..... 77: 6  
—and Washington (C. T. Brady) 77: 5  
—at Gettysburg..... 77: 66  
—interview with (D. H.  
Chamberlain)..... 77: 65  
—first Cabinet (J. D. Anderson) 77: 49  
—letters..... 77: 62, 65  
—Memories of (Rev. C. S.  
Bullock)..... 77: 57  
—Nation's Wail for (Geo.  
Duffield)..... 77: 29  
—New story of (M. C. Dekoven) 77: 47  
—Tall Stranger (Pents)..... 77: 59  
Lynn, Rev..... 78: 83
- Madoc of Wales..... 78: 77 et seq.  
Memories of Lincoln Rev. C. S.  
Bullock..... 77: 57  
Moore, Prof. Risdon M..... 77: 45
- Nation's Wail, The. Rev. Georg  
Duffield..... 77: 29  
New Lincoln Story, A., M. C. De-  
K (oven)..... 77: 47
- Owen, William..... 78: 81
- Pearson, Captain Richard..... 80: 204  
Pents, Albert D., The Tall Stanger  
on Dorchester Heights... 77: 59  
Puff, Hon..... 79: 122 et seq.
- Serapis, frigate..... 80: 194  
Sewall, Jonathan, A Cure for the  
Spleen..... 79: 115  
Sharp, Rev..... 79: 119 et seq.  
Spleen, A Cure for the. Jonathan  
Sewall..... 79: 115

The account of the ragged, destitute, hungry men at Valley Forge, freezing, bleeding in the snow, yet holding on, has been repeated many times and oft. And well it may be; for such a story of deathless heroism it is difficult to parallel in the annals of nations. The men of Valley Forge can never be too highly praised, their heroism too largely dwelt upon. Here they overcame victory. Here they defeated defeat. Here they founded an heritage for, and gave an example to, succeeding generations.

But I have deliberately chosen to fix my attention this morning rather upon the man than upon the men. And I have broadened the scope of my remarks. Valley Forge stands for the supreme struggle of the Revolution. The place is national, therefore, nay, it is epochal in universal history. In my judgment the cause of American independence was settled here rather than on any other battlefield in the war. Surviving this winter its future might be delayed, but it was assured. For man here fought against nature. He had to oppose his feeble powers not to men who differed from him only in degree of strength or capacity, but to those immutable laws which bring the heat in summer and the cold in winter, which produce the thirst pang and the hunger grip. Against these the highest human courage usually avails nothing. Before these man breaks and falters. So did not our forefathers in the snow.

The ambition of Napoleon was finally buried on the ice-heaped plains of Muscovy; the genius of liberty lived, it grew, it thrived at Valley Forge. Therefore, from the long-roll at Lexington to the grounding arms at Yorktown, the supreme incident of the American Revolution is the winter at Valley Forge.

Happy is that great commonwealth, Pennsylvania, keystone of the mighty federal arch, which includes within its borders such hallowed ground; for, as I have said elsewhere and to this

splendid assemblage, no spot on earth—not the plain of Marathon, nor the pass of Sempach, nor the Place of the Bastille, nor the dykes of Holland, nor the moors of England—is so sacred in the history of the struggle for human liberty as are the hills of Valley Forge.

You will bear with me, I am sure, if I take a long leap through the years and call your attention to another fact which justly fills us as children of Pennsylvania with a double pride; that within our borders is a second spot hallowed by the blood of men, of equal importance and of equal interest in our history and in the history of the world with this. That sacred field lies to the westward where rise the slopes of Gettysburg.

(At Valley Forge it was determined whether or not the Republic should die in its childhood; at Gettysburg it was settled whether or not the Republic should exist in its manhood.) As in the winter of '76 the opponents of liberty put forth their greatest efforts, seconded by the bitter circumstance of nature, to stifle the new idea, and failed; so in '63 the Confederacy reached the "high topgallant" of its fortunes when brave Armistead fell before the Pennsylvania soldiers on Cemetery Ridge. There were five years of varying conflict after Valley Forge, and two years of bloody fighting after Gettysburg, but in both cases it was but the ebbing of a tide.

The man who stands to us for the heroism at Valley Forge is George Washington; the man who stands to us for the supreme event at Gettysburg is Abraham Lincoln. At first glance no two men could be more dissimilar, yet the first is the cause of the second, the second the complement of the first. For to George Washington and Valley Forge are due Abraham Lincoln and Gettysburg. In history they can never be disassociated. This is a contrast, a comparison and a consequence.

[The struggle that has been going on in the world since the days primeval has been a struggle for human liberty] Viewed from the nearer point this fact has usually been uncomprehended. The baser passions of humanity, the ambition of kings, the love of women, the pride of potentates, the covetousness of states, aye, even the claims of religion, have precipitated wars; and the results have often seemed in accord with such conceptions, methods and aims. But he who reads history aright—"that power charged with the promulgation of the judgment of God upon the pride of man"—will see that in the larger total throughout the ages things have worked together for good. Oftentimes the conqueror who has defied God's laws and ministered to his own ambition has been made, despite himself, the avatar of a new dispensation, the tyrant has brought liberty in his train.

In every age there have lived men who were ahead of their times, who have nobly perished in a Herculean effort to drag to some higher level the sluggish mass. And other men, sometimes lesser, sometimes greater, upon their failures have builded success. Rare indeed has there been a fortuitous concurrence of time and mass and man.

One of the greatest of the liberators was Cromwell. He could strike down injustice, he could kill a tyrant, but he could not build a structure which would outlast his own personal influence. The death of the Protector brought back that contemptible fribble Charles II. Brutus could remove Imperial Cæsar, simply to make way for the more imperial Augustus. Alexander could bring a vast empire under his sway, which fell to pieces by its own weight when his death, in a drunken brawl at thirty-three, relaxed the welding hand. Napoleon could incarnate the spirit of the French Revolution—that thing of noble

sentiment and atrocious deed—and, when opportunity and his genius put the world at his feet, could grasp at omnipotence until the mere human frame, unable to sustain such a divine attribute, gave way, and the man ate out his own heart, an exile at St. Helena.

The greatest before our own nation gave the world assurance of a man was William of Orange, the Dutch patriot and statesman who stands next to Washington. *Saevis Tranquillus in Undis!* Rarely has there ever been such a people, such a leader, such an opportunity and such a success as in the Netherlands. It is good for the world that he and they lived and wrought as they did. Yet to-day kings and queens reign in the country for whose independence he fought alike the ravaging sea and the ravening Spaniard!

When what has been called the greatest document ever struck off at one time by human hand, the Declaration of Independence, was spread before the eyes of startled Europe; in spite of the age-long struggle, human liberty—civic, political and religious liberty, that is—was in most countries a philosophic dream. Even that sturdy little Helvetian confederacy was under the domination of an oligarchy as narrow and as supreme as that which had swayed for a thousand years the destinies of Venice. There was liberty nowhere on the surface. There was a passion for it everywhere in human hearts.

Then it pleased God to bring together in America such a group of men as few countries have ever associated at one time within their borders. James Otis, John Adams, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, Robert Morris and Benjamin Franklin, to think and plan; Nathaniel Greene, Israel Putnam, Anthony Wayne, Daniel Morgan, John Stark, Francis Marion, John Paul Jones, Richard Montgomery, Henry

Lee, Baron De Kalb, Marquis de Lafayette, and in his earlier career, Benedict Arnold, to do and dare; and as the unifying spirit not only to direct, but also to lead, and thus to stand supreme among them all—George Washington. Providence also put a blundering fool upon a throne and surrounded him with venal counsellors and incompetent soldiers, to equalize the struggle of the few against the many. Thus the Revolution was fought and won. Thus the country was established.

There is one significant feature of it. It was fought, won and established under the leadership and guidance I might say of an oligarchy, certainly of an aristocracy. We had no official aristocracy in the country, but unofficially there were well-established differences in rank even in democratic New England, where students were placed in Harvard College in accordance with the social status of their fathers! With few exceptions the soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution were, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, of the degree of gentlemen. They came from the best society of their day. True, they could have done nothing had there not been that fortuitous concurrence of ideas and the ideal as represented by the people and the few. True, they could have accomplished little had not the time been ripe for such leadership as they could offer; had not the idea of liberty been already inwrought in the minds of the people by the slow process of the ages. The understanding of this point is of great importance in tracing our future development. It was the aristocracy of the land to which was due the establishment of the government. Nor by this do I minimize the popular contribution to the work. That was necessary. Nothing could have been accomplished without the people. But without the leadership mentioned nothing could have been done by the people. They were not yet capable of evolving a leader themselves.

There never was a kinglier man in any land, at any time, than George Washington. Wherever such a character might have appeared his career would have been a marked one. If he had not been born to the purple he would have achieved it. No man is independent of opportunity. For if, as Shakespeare says, its guilt is great, so also is its virtue; but if ever a man were independent of opportunity, it was George Washington.

Such an assemblage of qualities as he exhibited has rarely, if ever, been seen before in a single man; yet he was not a demigod. The blood burned in his veins as prodigally as it beats in our own. He was full of the joy of life. His passions were as strong as those of any man. But his character was remarkable for a purity, an honesty, a dignity, a sanity, a restraint, a self-control, an ability and a courage, at which succeeding ages have marveled. The testimony to his qualities is abundant and unimpeachable. In mind and mien he was more royal than the king. In my judgment, had he so desired, he might have been the founder of an empire and a dynasty, instead of the Father of a Republic.

In the earlier history of the struggle for human liberty we find that the successive steps were always taken upon the initiative of the great, the gently-born, the well-to-do. Hampden was of the rank of gentleman, as was Cromwell, although he is nearer to an exception to this statement than any other. The Barons of Runnymede wresting the Magna Charta were the high aristocracy of England, and the people without them would have had no power to move the ineffable John. The early leaders of the French Revolution—as Mirabeau!—were of the same high class. Not for a long time did men like Marat and Barère come to the fore. The American Revolution was engineered and directed



and assured, I reaffirm, by the aristocracy, the best blood of the country.

What then! Having achieved their task, Washington and his fellows deliberately put liberty and its maintenance into the hands of the people. In the very nature of things, by the very plans which they made, by the Constitution itself, the whole power, the authority of the government, the entire responsibility for its administration and for its preservation, were taken out of the hands of the few and put into the hands of the many.

It is difficult to estimate the importance of that action. There was no precedent for it. Experience had no word to say concerning its feasibility. The boldness of the Declaration of Independence was surpassed by the boldness of the Constitution. The one had stated that all men were created free and equal, that government derived its just powers from the consent of the governed; the other showed that men had the courage to stand by their assertions. Words are lacking to emphasize the sublime faith and the noble courage of the Constitution-makers—again the nation's best! Coldly considered it was an experiment of such magnitude that we stand aghast even in backward contemplation of it. It might have been such a failure!

It is probable that the experiment never would have succeeded if the transition had been sharp and abrupt between the customary and the proposed method of government. The habit of centuries was still strong in humanity. During the earlier years of the Republic the people, timid in their own powers, committed its destinies to the same class under whose leadership had been won its liberty. The earlier Congresses exhibited a degree of wealth, station and culture which no succeeding assemblage of legislators has paralleled.

But the people learned rapidly and their work justified the trust reposed in them. Among themselves the genius for leadership grew and flourished. The first President who came from the people was Andrew Jackson. In character, in service, in ability, he stands midway between Washington and Lincoln, falling short of both, yet worthy of mention with either. What he might have been, given the opportunity of the other two, is a question which it were idle to discuss. No such crises ever confronted him in his career as Washington faced or as Lincoln dominated. The people had much to learn. Much in his career, as their representative, is the subject of merited censure; but the praise outweighs the blame.

In the first ninety years of its history the Republic had demonstrated its right to existence. Its course, save for the blot on its escutcheon involved in the unjust war with Mexico, had been highly honorable among nations. It was not likely that any foreign foe would ever be able to overwhelm it or impair the stability of its institutions. With a constantly increasing success had been demonstrated the feasibility of a government administered by, and for the benefit of the people. The event had justified the wisdom of the founders. The world on every hand looked on and took lessons. And well it might. No single fact in history has been so pregnant with happiness and welfare to mankind as the demonstration of democratic government which we have afforded. The consequences are not yet exhausted.

The political course of the world's history since 1776 has not been backward. Some of us may live to see the day when Russia will become a representative government, when the absolutism of Germany will be an archaic fiction, and when kings will be by the grace of the people, if indeed they be at all. (Some day all civilized nations, whatever their outward form of government,

will be as free as we are, as England or as France are, to-day.

For this the world may thank the United States and its makers.)

Now a country which may have strength enough to fight valiantly for its existence against external foes, may yet carry within itself the seeds of its own destruction. In 1861 came the final trial as to whether or not the experiment that was begun by Washington was finally to come to an inglorious end. Without passion or prejudice,—certainly it is too late for that now—without any feeling for any section of our country but love and devotion, without going into the causes of the Civil War; looking only to the fact that upon its success or failure depended the existence of the United States, realizing that if one section could separate from the main body upon aggrievement, so also could another, and that one single separation probably meant the solution of all organic coherence and the substitution of a number of jealous, circumscribed, petty and insignificant States for a great homogeneous nation, thus involving the utter downfall of the great idea of the founders of the Republic and of the Constitution; we can realize the importance of the conservation of the United States as a nation.

This was second only—and perhaps I am not right in using the word second—to its establishment. The aristocracy of the country had founded a nation and had committed its government to the people. No longer did aristocracy dominate. No longer does it dominate to-day—I use the words in the old sense of degree; in the long run the aristocracy of talent and character will always dominate in the Republic and elsewhere. Washington had done his part. Would the people be equal in the crisis to the obligations of their position?

Who is responsible for the successful conduct of the war

for the Union? (To whom, under God, is due the perpetuation of the Republic?) Many men took great part, many men deserve well of the nation. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Farragut and Meade; Stanton, Sumner, Chase and Seward. Their services are as nothing compared to those of (Abraham Lincoln.) And (he was a man of the people. In every sense of the word, mark it, a man of the people! The people themselves had brought forth a man capable of leadership. Out of the dust of earth did God make this man in His own image. Washington opened the way for Lincoln, and Lincoln trod successfully upon the path.)

As Valley Forge brings up Washington, so Gettysburg brings up Lincoln. There was no battle, no clash of arms, at Valley Forge. It was a struggle on the part of Washington and his men for existence in a winter. Lincoln was not on the field of Gettysburg when the war drum throbbed above it and the blood of men was poured upon it; but whoever mentions Gettysburg thinks of Lincoln, as whoever mentions Valley Forge thinks of Washington. For Lincoln said things at Gettysburg of which the fighting was but the expression, and Washington did things at Valley Forge of which the Declaration of Independence was the record.

Dissimilar I said these men were. Washington, born of the world's great; the richest, the best bred, the most important, the most influential man of his time. Lincoln, so humble, so obscure in his origin that it can with difficulty be traced. Washington, with every grace and charm and characteristic that marks the highbred gentleman; Lincoln, with few or none of these things. One a prince, the other a peasant.

It is idle to speculate as to which was the greater man. Both were necessary, both were complete, both did their allotted work absolutely.

Washington's character is not complex. It is simple and easy

to understand—and not the less great and admirable on that account. Be it remarked in passing, that he was no English country gentleman, as has been alleged, but as good an American as Franklin or as Lincoln himself.

Lincoln was a creature of contradictions. In person so homely as when pictured almost to repel, but with an appeal so powerful and inexplicable that in personal contact his ugliness was forgotten. Perhaps men near him caught a glimpse of his soul, unconsciously revealed. A man full of that quaint humor we love to call American, yet over his face a tinge of sadness as if tragedy peeped from behind the mask of comedy. A man whose stories were sometimes not repeatable, yet of a deeply religious nature, a piety as fervent as it was uncommon, a trust as pervading as it was sincere. An unlettered man, yet whose beautiful words will live as long as the language of Shakespeare and the English Bible shall endure. A man with many failings, who made many mistakes; a man with the stain of the soil whence he sprang clinging to him; yet with qualities that enabled him to speak to his fellow men with the foresight of a prophet, to accomplish the impossible with the powers of a king, to pursue his duty with the serenity of a saint.

As I look back upon our American history, as I view side by side these two gigantic men towering among their contemporaries, each ready in the day of need, I break forth in the words of the ancient prophet, "What hath God wrought?" The one to found and build a Republic, to give it a priceless heritage into a people's hands; the other to rise in the crowded hour and say in the words of a greater than man, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. . . . Those that thou gavest me I have kept and none of them is lost."

Oh, flag that floats above us, thank God that from thy blazonry never hath been torn a single star!

As I draw from both these Homeric men the outward seeming, they grow more like. I seem to discern an equal patience, an equal courage, an equal sanity, an equal abnegation of self, an equal desire for the welfare of their fellow men, an equal resolution that freedom shall have her opportunity here in the land they both loved so well. In God's great Valhalla where men meet face to face, each man known for what he is, I see the great noble and the great commoner with clasped hands—friends. One forever, inseparably joined. Named together on our diptychs of the dead who yet will never die. For it was Washington who made Lincoln. For it was Lincoln who assured Washington.

Gentlemen, so much for the past. What of the future? Can we unlock it with "the past's blood-rusted key"? On the threshold of a new century stands the country of Washington and Lincoln. The United States is menaced by threatening conditions, confronted by difficult problems, weighted with grave responsibilities, external and internal. These are the circumstances of success. To struggle is to live. The law of battle is the law of life. Well might Alexander weep with no more worlds to conquer, for then began his decadence. The country whose need fails to engross its highest citizenship in its problems, in which the people do not cheerfully give their best consideration to its questions, is a country already in a state of decay. Thank God for all our burdens! By them we prove our manhood.

For one hundred years we were content to expand peacefully within our natural limits. Between the seas we reigned supreme. In the twinkling of an eye we found ourselves projected, almost without intent, into the sphere of world politics. Not

that we were in a state of complete isolation before. As with individuals so with nations entire isolation is not possible; as men live among men, so nations must live among nations, sustaining certain definite and well-understood relations with one another, whatever may be the individual desire to be solitary, alone.

But our concerns with foreign powers and affairs had been remote and not of especial importance.

To-day we have become a factor in the politics of the world. In the Chancellories of Europe the leading question in nearly every contingency,—not purely local,—that arises is, "What will the United States do?" Our American diplomacy which has honesty for its finesse and truth for its subtlety—where neither has been in vogue—takes the lead in public questions. With neither army nor navy comparable in size to that of other nations,—although so far as they go unsurpassed—we are still the greatest single factor to be reckoned with.

We have said to one-half the world, "This half is ours. Keep out of it!" Therefore, we have made ourselves responsible for the welfare, the well-being and more especially the well-doing, of that of which we have assumed to be the warden. How are we discharging that trust? So as to retain the respect of older powers, on the one hand, and the affection of those newer nations of which we have assumed the guardianship on the other, or not?

Our flag floats in the sunrise on one hemisphere in Porto Rico at the same hour that it is gilded by the sunset in the Philippines on the other. And the end is not yet. We are about to tear asunder the barrier which has separated ocean from ocean since God called the dry land from the deep. This is our position among the weak and the strong. What is to be the end of our expansion? Shall we go on? Shall we stand still? Shall we acquire? Shall we retain?

Never in history did a nation say as we did to Cuba, "Go, you are free!" Shall we say that some day to our little brown brethren across the Pacific? Shall we train and try them for that end? Shall we grasp at power with greedy rapacious hands? Shall we give way to vaulting ambition which shall by and by o'erleap itself and carry us down in its fall? That depends upon you, oh, Sons of the Revolution, for in that name, in larger sense, may I not include all the citizens of the Republic?

Shall the Republic continue to stand for honesty and integrity and the fear of God among the nations? Shall there be liberty wherever the flag flies, or else the withdrawal of the flag? Shall we stand eternally for what Washington founded and Lincoln preserved? Or shall we do some other thing? That depends upon you.

There come to our harbors every day a horde of people from the Old World, following that westward moving star of empire, seeking their fortunes in this land of equal opportunity for all, of special privilege for none. What shall we do with them? What shall be our position with regard to immigration? How much of such an influx can our people assimilate? What quantity of food of that character can the nation digest? How many foreign people can we turn into good American citizens without lowering our immortal standards? How far shall we shut the open door? What restriction shall we place upon our welcome? That depends upon you.

These are external problems. There are internal ones, perhaps of greater moment and harder to solve. Within our borders are millions of black people, an alien race whose mental habit and temperament differ from ours even as we are physically at variance. What shall we do with these people? Believe me, Appomattox simply changed the form of the question. It



settled another question, not that one. Emancipation solved one problem only to introduce another. That problem confronts us with a constantly increasing demand, a demand full of menace, fraught with appalling possibilities. There appears as yet no solution of it. Education, we fatuously cry, but education is not the universal resolvent. We can not educate away the racial difference. The welfare of this country depends on the retention of power by the white race. White and black in blend make gray, the ruination of the positive and valuable in both. How shall this be a white man's country with a white man's government and yet a fit home for the black man? What are we going to do about this question? That depends upon you. From you must come the prophet to show us the way.

The principle of combination is universally accepted in the affairs of men. Consolidation, concentration, are the conditions of success. How far may this consolidation and concentration in the form of capital, on the one hand, and of men on the other, be brought about? And when brought about what relation shall they sustain to each other? What shall we do with the trusts, what shall we do with the unions? That depends upon you.

Life without law is impossible. Laws are man's expression of his reading of the will of God. Happy is the state in which the laws are not only adequate but observed. How shall we check the general disregard of law which is so singular a reversion to conditions long past when every man was a law unto himself? Long ago the right of private war was done away with. There is a backward swing of the pendulum of public opinion. Men have forgot that vengeance is God's and punishment belongs to the state. How shall we reassert effectively our determination that the law shall be administered only by those whom we have charged with that solemn, that vital duty?

The daily histories of the times, the newspapers, ring with charge and countercharge of political corruption in city, state and nation. We would fain believe that much of the hue and cry is false, but we know that a terrible proportion of it is true. The best blood of the nation is strangely indifferent to the demands of the hour. For good government there should be a proper blending of Washington and Lincoln, the one representing education, culture, refinement, the other the great beating heart of the people. It will not do to trust to the low, the ignorant and the venal, the issues of life and government. Republics in history have tended to become oligarchies. Shall we reverse the work of Washington and Lincoln and submit ourselves unresisting, indifferent, to an oligarchy of bosses?

And there are social problems as pressing. The sanctity of home life, the holiness of the marriage relation, is everywhere invaded. The social unit, the family, is being sundered into disorderly atoms by the growing evil of divorce. In it we are striking at the children.

There is a growing inclination to excess on the part of the rich and the well-to-do which is fatal to national honor, to national honesty. Frugality is to a democracy what modesty is to a woman. Extravagance is an attribute of empire. The follies of men in high station are vices when they are translated by men of less degree. There is a tendency in our midst to become intoxicated not only with our position in the world, but with our internal prosperity. How shall we check it?

Publicity is the safeguard of a Republic. Concealment is the essence of despotism. How, while conserving the freedom of the press, shall we also conserve the freedom of the private citizen, so that his personal affairs with which the public have no con-

cern shall not be exploited and misrepresented by unscrupulous newspapers?

These, gentlemen and comrades, are a few of the things which call to the patriotism of today. (Love of country is usually associated with the bullet and the bayonet.) The call of the flag above our heads is not merely a summons to war, it is a demand upon every citizen at every moment to do his civic duty with the same devotion, the same courage, with which he would answer an appeal to arms. It takes more resolution, of a higher if of a different order, to grapple with the questions which I have so briefly outlined, than simply to follow a leader or even to lead ourselves in the high places of the field.

In what did Washington's greatness lie? In what did Lincoln's greatness lie? I would not affirm that they were supreme above all others in any particular field. Washington, brilliant soldier that he was, was not the greatest captain that ever set a squadron in the field. Lincoln, profoundly politic and far-seeing as he was, was not the greatest statesmen that ever outlined a policy. Indeed it would be hard to point to any one thing in which these two unchallenged might claim the palm.

They were great because in each of them was blended a congeries of qualities which made up a personality, not supernatural or superhuman, as many would fain urge, but a personality far beyond the common lot; a personality that was honest, that was pure, that was unselfish, that was able, that was devoted to mankind, to the country in which they both served; a personality which chose duty and service for its watchwords. When you analyze great men, as a rule you will find that their greatness lies in that mysterious thing we call personality, which is made up of, and is yet disassociated from, special talents. Many talents go to make genius. To be great there

must be balance and proportion. Without these the most brilliant achievement lacks permanence.

We cannot all be great statesmen, great soldiers, great administrators—what you will, but we may all be great patriots. We can each one of us so direct these qualities which God has bestowed upon us as to become a personality whose sole aim and end is the betterment of men and the service of the state. It is not idle for me to bid you strive to follow the example of Washington or of Lincoln. There is no example too high for us to struggle to attain, not even the example of the Cross.

Like the ancient Roman, [I do not despair of the Republic. God mercifully in the past hath preserved us.] Sure His hand hath led us through valleys and shadows. [He hath sustained us in the hour of gloom and defeat. He hath restrained us in the day of triumph and success.] Humbly am I confident that [He will not desert us now. He hath more work for us to do.]

But we may not trust all the burdens of our future upon Him. As the work of salvation in the individual is a co-operation between God and man, so the work of salvation in a nation is the co-operation of the same Power and the people. Let us here consecrate ourselves anew to the service of mankind in the spirit of our forefathers. [In Lincoln's spirit: Let us here highly resolve that if we, individually or collectively, can bring it about, this government of the people and by the people, and for, not merely the United States, but all humanity as well, which looks to us as the light of liberty throughout the ages, shall not perish from the face of the earth.]

And by the grace of God, and in the name of Washington and Lincoln, oh, my countrymen, let us rise in our manhood and seize the glorious opportunities which are ours for the taking in this country of the free.

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.



# THE NATION'S WAIL

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A Discourse  
Delivered in the First  
Presbyterian Church of Detroit

ON SABBATH, THE 16th OF APRIL, 1865,  
THE DAY AFTER RECEIVING THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE  
BRUTAL MURDER OF  
PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
BY A BRUTAL ASSASSIN

---

By Rev. George Duffield  
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit

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DETROIT:  
ADVERTISER AND TRIBUNE PRINT  
1865

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TARRYTOWN, N. Y.  
REPRINTED  
WILLIAM ABBATT  
1921

BEING EXTRA NUMBER 77 OF THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

Detroit, April 17th, 1865.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—The undersigned, who listened with the greatest interest to your discourse on the death of President Lincoln, delivered in the First Presbyterian Church on the 16th inst., request a copy for publication. Believing we express the wishes of the entire congregation, we await your reply.

Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

WM. A. HOWARD,  
GEO. W. HOFFMAN,  
JACOB S. FARRAND,  
W. W. WHEATON,

N. D. STEBBINS  
DAVID COOPER,  
LOUIS BENFEY,  
A. SHELLEY,

And many others.

REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D.D.

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To the Hon. W. A. Howard, Geo. W. Hoffman, W. W. Wheaton, N. D. Stebbins, Louis Benfey, and others.

Gentlemen,—I cheerfully furnish the manuscript you request, and will be happy, if, at your wish, you can make it subserve the interests of our beloved country, in any degree, in this hour of sore distress and terrible calamity

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

GEO. DUFFIELD.

## DISCOURSE

AND ALL JUDAH AND JERUSALEM MOURNED FOR JOSIAH. *2 Chron.*, 35: 23-25.

**T**HE nation is deluged with woe. Our patriotic, virtuous and devoted President has fallen by the hand of the assassin. In the midst of our rejoicing over victories, and the crushing of rebellion, from the loftiest pinnacle of our joy we are hurled down into the depths of heart-breaking anguish. The firm and faithful hand that held the reins of government lies cold and motionless in death. The heart that never ceased or tired in its throbbings of love and zeal, and heroic consecration to the safety, interests, honor and happiness of our beloved country, no longer wells out the gushing streams of its intense, unselfish and ardent affections. He for whom the nation has so long and ardently prayed, whose appeals to the hearts of all Christian people for their sympathy with him in the midst of his solemn and heavy responsibilities, and for their remembrance of him at a throne of grace—has gone forever beyond the reach or need of our supplications. He has passed away without a note of warning, like a brilliant sun, in the midst of his glory, from the very zenith of its splendor. The hearts of millions, through whose loves and hopes and lofty exultations, but yesterday his name and fame had circulated with an all-pervading, animating and invigorating force, now droop and languish, sicken and faint. The nation weeps and clothes itself with sackcloth and ashes. (From the palaces of the rich and the great, through all the habitations of the land, in every cottage and lonely chamber of the broken-hearted, the wail of grief ascends to Heaven. Like a thunder-peal of terrific lightning, a bolt of desolating fury has burst over us, as from a clear sky, and felled to the dust the idol of



his country. Another Josiah has been smitten by the murderous weapon of well-directed malice, and lamentations overspread the land.)

What shall we say? What can we say, while weeping in the amazement and bewilderment of our grief, but that God hath done it? His hand arrested not the arm of the assassin. No angel messenger was dispatched to avert the fatal shot. Known to Omniscience was the plot of hellish treason, and the instruments of its accomplishment. Yet His providence, which could have easily prevented the fatal result, averted it not. "Is there evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?" A holy and righteous God allowed it for His own wise and holy ends. What remains for us, and what can we else do, than to accept it as of His ordering, and humbly, prayerfully, and penitently improve the lesson, which the infinite wisdom and adorable sovereignty of Him who doeth His will in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, designs to teach us by this overwhelming calamity?

I. God has found it needful to mingle judgment with mercy. The aspect of terror thus assumed by His providence, need not appal. For judgment is His strange work, but mercy is His delight. Dark and tempestuous may be the clouds that gather and threaten at such a time around his throne, and seem sufficient to drive us to despair. But that throne is occupied by "the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world." The Lord Jesus Christ, who "loved us and died for us," is "the Lord God Omnipotent," in whose hands are entrusted all authority and power in Heaven and in earth. It is He that rules in providence and guides the destiny of nations. Our safety and interests as a people, could be lodged in no better hands. For there is no human heart that

loves like Jesus—so intensely, so persistently, so efficaciously. It is alike our duty, and the means of our security, to accept and bow submissively beneath the strokes of this, His sore judgment. “Be wise now, therefore, oh, ye kings! be instructed, ye judges of the earth! kiss the Son, lest He be angry and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little”—*i. e.*, shall suddenly blaze forth. “Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.” *Ps.* 2, 11. His throne can never be subverted. His life is forever beyond the reach of foes. His administration is the salvation of the earth. If we link our destiny, as individuals or a nation, with the rights, supremacy, and interests of His throne—all is well! However terrible may be His judgments, they shall prove themselves but the ministers He sends, to teach us righteousness, and help us rear the bastions needed for our national security.

II. A terrible crisis has been precipitated on our country, that calls for the most solemn consideration of every one of us. Elate with joyous prospects of peace, our hearts were already indulging their fond felicitations, which possessed a zest of peculiar tenderness and power, in the thought that the great and noble soul of our beloved President was in sympathetic fellowship with the masses. We caught the inspiration of his joy; and imagination painted a glorious future near at hand for our land, quickly to develop itself under the guidance of his fostering wisdom, and fraternal counsels and care. We gratefully hailed for him a period of relief from necessary burdens, and, with the end of warfare, began to welcome the rich benefits to be secured by his statesmanship and common sense, his vigilance and honesty, his disinterestedness, and absorption in his country's welfare. But suddenly the scene is changed. The heavens gather darkness. We sigh and groan, and in agony exclaims: “Oh! what is to be our future? Shall treason

and conspiracy gather strength? Shall the frenzy of partisan passion rise like the driving whirlwind? Shall confusion of counsel, distraction in the administration of government, and change and conflicts of policy, and ambitious factions bewilder the people? Has the great balance wheel in our machinery been broken and hurled from its place, to bring on the terrible crash and chaos of our destruction?" These, and such like thoughts and inquiries, agitate the public mind. Every one feels that, compared with all the past crises of the nation's history, within the last four years, we have reached the greatest, most portentous, most trying and most perilous to the unity and stability of the nation. How much do we need the assurance, on good and solid ground, that, like all the past, this most terrible crisis will prove that public virtue, and the cohesiveness of our Government will be abundantly adequate to the present emergency!

The event we this day mourn is a novelty in our history. Never has the land been stained with the blood of the Chief Magistrate, murdered by the hand of the assassin. Other lands have thus suffered. A similar case is referred to in the context.

Josiah was one of the most illustrious kings of Judah. He was a good and great man. The fear of God from early youth controlled him and, through faith in His word and providence, he was rendered eminently successful in the administration of his government. The nation prospered greatly under it. Its military resources and civil and religious institutions were successfully developed by him, so that his country became eminently prosperous. He was honored and beloved by his people universally. But, in the providence and allotments of

God, he fell on the field of battle, in the splendor of his glory. "And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah."

We, too, lament our illustrious head, fallen among the slain. But the fact that he was murdered by the assassin's dastardly hand gives poignancy to our grief.

The nearest parallel event, however, in history that we recall to mind at the moment was the murder of William the Silent, the Prince of Orange. "It is difficult to imagine," says the historian, "a more universal disaster than the one thus brought about by the hand of a single obscure fanatic. Habit, necessity, and the natural gifts of the man, had combined to invest him, at last, with an authority which seemed more than human. There was such general confidence in his sagacity, courage and purity that the nation had come to think with his brain and act with his hand. It was natural that, for an instant, there should be a feeling as of absolute and helpless paralysis." Yet did the united Netherlands survive the shock administered by the working machinery of the government of Philip, which adopted assassination as an engine of its power. But the contest between freedom and despotism, religion and fanaticism, was irreconcilable. Never in human history was a more poignant and universal sorrow for the death of any individual. The despair was, for a brief season, absolute; but it was soon succeeded by more lofty sentiments. It seemed, after they had laid their hero in the tomb, as though his spirit still hovered above the nation which he had loved so well, and was inspiring it with a portion of his own energy and wisdom. By the blessing of Providence it survived and triumphed, and shed forth its gleam of glory to enlighten the world. The same Providence can make a similar crisis in our history the occasion for still more radiant light to be poured from us upon the nations of the earth. The lesson

of the crisis to trust still more firmly in, and triumph through, the God of our fathers.

III. The event we mourn develops and demonstrates the horrible malignity of human corruption, to restrain and punish which a good and just government is bound by every consideration of fidelity to God, and respect for its own safety and prosperity. As a people, we have of late years lost sight of the great end and obligation of civil government, designed of God, as His ordinance, for the punishment of crime and the promotion of the general good. Law has lost its sacredness. Fanaticism has been substituted for religion. In the North a spurious self-righteous humanitarianism, claiming to be wiser and more benevolent than the God of the Bible, has sympathized with the perpetrators of evil, in the indulgence of a mawkish and murderous charity, so-called, denouncing capital punishment, destroying the sanctions of law, and undermining the authority of government, until the idea of liberty has become identical with that of licentiousness. Property and life are sacrificed with impunity; and a low estimate is made of human virtue and personal security. Our officers of justice have extensively become the patrons and promoters of crime; and the functions of authority are sought to be discharged by the veriest traitors to the peace and welfare of society. In the South, the monster iniquity of slavery, with all its crimes and abominations, interwoven into codes of law, had blinded the popular mind and besotted the popular conscience, until with fanatical madness its advocates and abettors had claimed the sanction of religion, and believed themselves to be the possessors of a purer Christianity, and much more consistent and devoted asserters of the inspiration and authority of the sacred Scriptures. Who can tell the enormous amount of hideous corruption which has been, on

either hand, developed in the history of this people, by the aid of an infidel humanitarianism and a self-applauding orthodoxy, alike opposed to a simple, practical, evangelical Christianity?

In the providence of God, a delirious and maddened conspiracy for the overthrow of the Government of the United States has made an open issue as to the religion professed, and, for four years, appealed to arms for the decision of the question of the moral right of slavery, and the sanction of Christianity for the fanaticism that sought to make it the cornerstone of a Confederacy, whose history has been stained with crimes that astound the world, and when fully written will hand it down to coming generations, branded with indelible infamy. Developments of corruption, in the instigation and conduct of the rebellion by its leaders, have taken place, beyond description, beyond conception—which, when the proof already possessed shall blazon forth, will fill nations with horror. We refer, in part, to the brutalities of their warfare—the 66,000 of our murdered prisoners of war, starved to death with deliberate intent; to the worse than savage ferocity displayed in the cruelties inflicted on hundreds and thousands tortured and slain by their guerrilla bands. But we refer more immediately to the spirit of demoniac malignity, and designed systematic assassination, adopted and pursued by the instigators and leaders of the rebellious conspiracy. There is strong circumstantial evidence to prove that the death of President Harrison and of President Taylor, was secured by poison, administered slowly, in pursuance of a plan and purpose that no Northern man should ever be President of the United States. The abortive attempt to poison President Buchanan, and the failure of measures to murder President Lincoln, at or on his way to Washington, are events al-

ready recorded in history. And during the four years of the rebellion, facts have accumulated, showing that there was no deed of desperate, malignant crime, that could be perpetrated, which found not its instruments, and was not stimulated by the promise of reward from men high in place and influence, connected with and supporters of the Confederate Government. It needed just such a hot-bed as Slavery to force the monstrous growths of corruption produced by the rebellion. The St. Albans raiders; the piratical enterprises; the plots of incendiaries for the conflagration of New York, and other large cities at the North; the abortive effort, and plans for the pillage of our commerce, and the invasion of our own and other lake cities, by desperate Southern renegades in Canada, have all been part and parcel of a regular system of measures of fiendish malice, unknown to the warfare of civilized nations. The evidence will be forthcoming in due season, of a Satanic sagacity in appeals to the laws of nature, and discoveries of science, for the generation and diffusion of pestilence of various sorts in our large cities. Scientific and medical professors, lauded for their benevolence and social worth, have been, and are still employed, with the countenance and promise of reward by the Confederate authorities—whose names are known as associated with them—for the importation, from Bermuda into Washington City, Norfolk and Newbern, of goods artfully infected with the virus or miasm of the yellow fever, for the introduction and diffusion of pestilence as an element and agent of the warfare waged by rebellion. The like experiments have been made for the generation of the small-pox. To the good providence of God alone is to be referred the escape of Norfolk and Washington from the deadly scourge of the yellow fever, which only succeeded in Newbern. All the elements and means of destruction that science can furnish have been

boastfully claimed by maddened bloviators, as sure to give success to the rebellion. And the young men of the South have extensively been trained and incited to deeds of enthusiastic desperation, as though it were glorious and martyr-like to sacrifice themselves by deeds of infamous daring and criminality. The assassination of the President was but the culmination of this system of diabolical enterprise, steadily, persistently, and Satanically pursued, notwithstanding frequent failures. Seldom, if ever, have such developments of corruption been made in the history of any people, as have been in the rise and progress of the rebellion that has caused the sacrifice of nearly half a million lives of our brave and noble citizen soldiers. Away with all apologists for the "chivalry," and "honor," and "Christianity" of the Southern conspirators, and their religion, who have not hesitated, but gloried, in the use of such methods of revenge for warfare! The President was not only the honored functionary of his country, but especially the representative of the Christian people in it. The cowardly assassination of such a man, has forever stamped with infamy the State that gave his assassin birth.

Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him further. —He  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.

IV. Finally, the event we deplore is eminently adapted, and we think designed, in Providence, to impress deeply the public mind with a sense of our danger and obligations as a free



people. Our danger springs not from the nature of our government, or social and political institutions. Never had a people so wise, and, in nearly every respect, so well-adjusted a Constitution and charter of civil rights. It remains unharmed amid the perils and trials of four eventful years of bloodshed and agony, and is, in process of being expurgated from the chief blot that stained its sacred pages. The providence of God—blessed be His name—has cut the cancer out, and but few of its baneful roots yet remain for the future and perfect process of eradication. The nation needs to stand erect in all the glory of its moral majesty, and say that Slavery shall cease forever. God grant that this high behest be speedily proclaimed!

The providence of God has also placed in the most glaring light the necessity of vindicating the honor of Government, and the majesty of Law, by the infliction of retributive justice on the perpetrators of crime. We have allowed pseudo-philanthropists to insult the God of the Bible, and extensively, by legal enactment, and much more extensively by corrupting public sentiment, to disannul the death penalty. Murders and homicides by hundreds and thousands, have been overlooked, or passed unpunished. Life has been held even less sacred than property. And now a righteous God, who will not allow His Constitution to be violated with impunity, has allowed the murderer's hand, in the face and eyes of the whole country, to strike down its pure and honest, its noble and patriotic President, and by conspiracy, attempt the destruction of his Prime Minister, whose lofty statesmanship has shone forth in resplendent lustre, and who, like the illustrious Pitt, has towered in his strength and proved himself ready and mighty in every emergency—a bulwark invincible against all the jealousy and insidious opposition of foreign nations. The Lord preserve his

life, yet periled by the assassin's cowardly stab! Perhaps just this, and nothing short of it, was needed to bring the public mind to a just and proper estimate of human life, and demand the restoration of the death penalty to the place a God of justice and mercy has assigned it in the administration of government.

Unquestionably there was reason to fear that treason would be dealt with too leniently, in the flush and joy of our victories, and triumph over rebellion. Perhaps our venerated President, fraught with benignity and mercy, and prompted by his kindness of heart to use the pardoning prerogative too freely, may not have been the man for the keen and necessary work of punishing treason, as it deserves, with the full penalty of the law. God has removed him in the hour of his triumph, and left this work to be performed by other hands, while He has roused the nation to demand it, as the atonement needed for the maintenance of government and the honor of His majesty. A rebellion once in Israel was signally punished, by the infliction of terrible judgment and desolation by the hand of Providence upon its leaders. But the people who sympathized with the rebellion murmured against Moses, and reproached him with murder, for the course he adopted for the vindication of the majesty of the law. It offended the Lord God of Israel, and He let the plague loose among them, to destroy them for their complaint against the enforcement of the demands of retributive justice; and 14,700 of them were made to pay the forfeiture of their lives. This, as an atonement, was required before the plague was stayed.

On another occasion, treason was perpetrated in the camp of Israel, and the anger of the Lord was kindled against them.

The plague again broke loose upon them, nor was it stayed till the command of God was executed, and "all the heads of the people," that had led them off in the treason, were hung up before the Lord against the sun. The zeal of Phinehas in executing the penalty of death upon the traitors, is recorded to his praise. Nor was the plague stayed till 24,000 had paid the forfeiture of their lives. It is the same God, who required such atonement, with whom we have, as individuals and a nation, to do. He changeth not. If we as a nation profane His ordinance of government, and prove false to His honor and our obligations, and the interests of society, we, too, shall not escape the vengeance of His law. Talk as men may in their impious and boastful infidelity, atonement forms a marked and essential feature in the Divine government. That atonement He will exact; and He has abundant means at His command to enforce it. How easy would it be for Him to let factions arise, and the leaven of tolerated rebellion diffuse itself among us to our utter ruin, to say nothing of other natural, moral and political means of punishing us for our contempt of justice, law and good government! We have a solemn duty to God and society to perform. If, as a nation, we humble ourselves before Him, and as individuals accept and rely upon the atonement He has provided for us, in Jesus Christ, through which alone He can exercise consistently His clemency and mercy in the forgiveness of sin, He can and will heal our land, and cleanse it of the blood which has been so wickedly and wantonly shed. The indications and interpositions of His providence, from the very beginning of the war, have been so marked and so peculiar in our favor, that he must be stricken with the like blindness which has smitten the rebellious, who sees the mnot. "God has done great things for us whereof we have been glad."

Through Him, our forces, by land and sea, have done valiantly; and by Him they have trod down our enemies. But our loved and honored Josiah has been among the slain; and today the land mourneth. Lamentation is heard in every direction, and the tokens and habiliments of woe are spread out before the heavens. How jealous has God been for us! He has overturned every human idol, one after another, which we have set up among our Generals, and glorified for triumph; and, when He was prepared to lead us to victory, gave us men of valor, wisdom, humility and patriotic zeal, to exalt their country's honor, above selfish ambition and fame, and give the glory of our success to whom it is due. (In the death of President Lincoln, He has pursued the same plan of His gracious providence toward us. We might have put him in the place of God, and forgotten whose right hand hath gotten us the victory. In an instant He removed him from us, without one opportunity of uttering a final adieu. We look to his life for the proofs of his acceptance with God, and cherish gratefully his own story of the consecration of himself to God.)

Would that he had fallen elsewhere than at the very gates of Hell—in the theatre, to which through persuasion, he so reluctantly went. But thus a stain has been put upon that so falsely called school of virtue. How awful and severe the rebuke, which God has administered to the nation, for pampering such demoralizing places of resort! The blood of Abraham Lincoln can never be effaced from the stage. God grant that it may prove the brand of infamy consigning the theatre, which even Solon and the old moral Greeks abhorred, to the disgrace it merits, and the abhorrence of this nation.

"The memory of the just is blessed." (His name is embalmed in the hearts of this people, and his fame, like that of Washington, shall last while these United States endure; which, may God grant, shall be to the coming of the Lord.)

His toils are past, his work is done,  
His spirit fully blest,  
He fought the fight, the victory won,  
And entered into rest.  
Then let our sorrows cease to flow—  
God has recalled His own;  
But let our hearts in every woe  
Still say "Thy will be done."

## CAPTAIN LINCOLN *vs.* PRIVATE THOMP- SON, 1832

**W**HILE searching for material on the history of the Black Hawk War, I found, of course, the stereotyped version of the historic wrestling match between the future President and the only man who ever worsted him. It was the same as appears in Nicolay and Hay's "Life." Not until long afterwards did I secure the details of it, and this is the first time they have been published. Long ere Lincoln became famous, the story had spread over Illinois, and it is, it must be admitted, a pleasure to turn from the later record of the great man, to the early, robust Lincoln of twenty-three; the young man of stature and strength, informal as he was when just reaching man's estate, and possessed of his first prize in life: for, ridiculous as it may now seem, to class the modest office of captain of a company of sixty-day volunteer militia, as a proud position, Leonard Swett has recorded the assertion of Lincoln that the day of his election to the rank, in 1832, was the proudest of his life.

When the governor of Illinois called out the militia, to remove Black Hawk and his band of Indians from Illinois, Lincoln was, as himself has told us, "out of a job," and enlistment invited him to adventure, possibly to place, perhaps even to renown. A company of sixty-eight (two were afterwards added) more or less intractable spirits was organized in Sangamon county, April 21, 1832. They elected Lincoln captain, and John Armstrong, first sergeant. The latter was the individual who had undertaken, some years before, to introduce Lincoln to "life" in New Salem, through the medium of a wrestling match; the result of which had been disastrous to

## 2      CAPTAIN LINCOLN vs. PRIVATE THOMPSON, 1832

the future sergeant. William Kirkpatrick, said to have earlier stolen a scrub-hook from Lincoln, had been his rival for the captaincy, and now was "recognized" by being made second sergeant. The Clary boys, Royal and Williams, sharers in the Armstrong affair, were also of the company, while two others, whose names recall the love episode whose ending was destined to almost cost Lincoln his reason, were John and David Rutledge. The seventy have all passed into obscurity—the name of their youthful captain has gone around the world, "one of the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die."

Once organized, the company was marched to Beardstown, and sworn into the service by General Hardin. Here the Captain met two men who were destined to become his intimate friends for years thereafter—O. H. Browning and Edward D. Baker.

The host of volunteers being now formed into regiments, marched to the mouth of Rock River where Captain Lincoln was to meet three other men, regular Army officers, who were to be prominent in his life twenty-nine years later, when he had left Illinois forever—Lieutenants Robert Anderson, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Jefferson Davis.

O. H. Browning's diary records that the May nights were "cold and tempestuous," so that good camp sites, with wood and water, were eagerly sought for and frequently fought for as well. At the first camp, near Beardstown, the Lincoln company and that of Captain William Moore, of St. Clair county, came into collision for this reason, and Lincoln proposed to settle the matter by a wrestling match—one captain against the other. Moore declined, but told his brother Jonathan to pick out a man from his company. This was done, Lorenzo Dow Thompson being the champion, although apparently so much

inferior to Lincoln in size and strength that the Sangamon company, to a man, wagered their all on their captain. Actual cash being scarce, everything else was wagered—guns, powder-horns, watches, coats—even future pay was mortgaged, and Sangamon appeared as a “sure thing.” But the St. Clair men stood firmly for Thompson, and took every bet offered. The combatants clinched, a brief Titanic struggle ensued—and the future President was thrown flat! The din which followed would have silenced a thunderstorm: the champion of Sangamon had been conquered—Goliath by an unknown David! But his men roared “only one—two more falls to come.” and again the antagonists clinched, a long struggle, and the pair fell in a heap. “Dog fall,” yelled Sangamon: “Fair fall,” roared St. Clair, and a serious fight was imminent, and only averted by the defeated Captain, who proved himself a “good loser.” Springing to his feet before the referee could announce his decision, he cried: “Boys! The man actually threw me once fairly, broadly so, and this second time—this very fall, he threw me fairly, though not apparently so.” This settled the matter, and his frankness saved his wrestling reputation, although the Sangamon company “went broke” in consequence.

Twenty-eight years elapse before the curtain rises on the second act of our drama, and on August 8th, 1860, a delegation of college students from McKenzie College, Lebanon, Illinois, headed by Professor Risdon M. Moore, are calling upon Abraham Lincoln at his home in Springfield. The one-time militia captain is now a noted lawyer, has been a Representative at Washington, and is the Republican nominee for President. Lieutenant Governor Koerner introduces Professor Moore, adding “of St. Clair county.” In the conversation which follows Mr. Lincoln eyes him constantly, finally asking:



#### 4      CAPTAIN LINCOLN *vs.* PRIVATE THOMPSON, 1832

"Which of the Moore families do you belong to? I have a grudge against one of them." "I suppose it is my family, for my father was referee in a celebrated wrestling match—but we are going to elect you President, and call it even!"

There were present at that meeting the same O. H. Browning who had witnessed the Beardstown match, Norman B. Judd, Richard J. Oglesby, and some others, to all of whom Mr. Lincoln related the story as we have told it, adding: "I owe the Moores a grudge, as I never had been thrown in a wrestling-match until that man from the St. Clair company did it. He could have thrown a grizzly bear."

And Jonathan Moore—what of him? Although over sixty years old in '61, he enlisted, was captain of Co. G, Thirty-second Illinois, and fought at Shiloh and on other fields, worthily upholding the traditions of his family, who in the early history of Illinois were called the "Fighting Moores," by reason of their daring in the Indian and 1812 Wars, and the border troubles of the frontier.

And "Dow" Thompson—what of him? He emigrated to Harrison county, Missouri, and was its first representative in the General Assembly, 1846-48. Positive in all his convictions, and called eccentric near the end of his life, all who knew him testify that he was able, upright, a good neighbor and citizen.

He died in 1875, surviving his great antagonist at Beardstown by ten years, and is buried in Oakland cemetery, six miles north of Bethany, Missouri.

Singularly enough, we are told that to Bethany emigrated from Illinois one Peter Rutledge, who claimed to be a brother of Ann Rutledge, Lincoln's first love.

FRANK E. STEVENS.

CHICAGO.

## A NEW LINCOLN STORY

**A**T no time for a long period has more attention been given to the character, influence and steadfast qualities of Abraham Lincoln than seems to have filled the minds of men, both here and abroad, during the past three years—that is, since the Armistice. New statues of him have been erected, many and fresh eulogies spoken, on both sides of the Atlantic; even a great play has been written about him by an Englishman, which has had an almost unprecedented run, both here and in England.

Since the armistice, nations seem struggling in a bottomless quagmire, with nothing solid to cling to. Perhaps that may be the reason why so many people's thoughts have turned to the memory of Lincoln, as one would reach out and strive to lay hold of a rock in a quagmire.

This makes me believe that a quite personal and hitherto unpublished story about him might be of interest to the public.

It was recalled to mind lately, while looking at the clay model of the latest Lincoln statue, which the sculptor, Daniel C. French had just finished for the Lincoln Memorial in Potomac Park at Washington.

As I stood studying that grave, reflective figure, with the right hand partly open as if to receive all the facts of life, the left firmly clinched, as though to hold and use them to best advantage, out of the Past of memory came this story. It was told me by Major Garvard Whitehead, who went to the Civil War with the celebrated Philadelphia City Troop, and served in various capacities until the end.

On this particular occasion during the darkest and most

trying days of the great struggle, the young officer was sent to Washington, with secret dispatches of the greatest importance. He was ushered at once into the President's private room, a very bare and simply furnished one indeed. Mr. Lincoln, seated at his desk, took the papers and motioned the young officer to be seated, while he studied them. Absorbed in their contents, the President fell into a deep study, looking probably just as the statue represents him; while the tired messenger scarcely dared breathe for fear of breaking in upon those anxious thoughts.

The one window of the room was open and across the sultry sky came up heavy thunder clouds; the storm broke and rain began to pour into the room. The officer did not think of moving while the Commander-in-Chief of the Army was so engrossed; so he sat, and watched the rain form a pool on the floor, and slowly trickle across it, almost to the feet of the President, absorbed and unconscious. At last Mr. Lincoln made his decision, seemed to rouse from his deep reflections and becoming conscious of the young despatch bearer, told him to return in an hour, when the answering despatch would be ready for him.

Major Whitehead told me that from that moment he always pictured in his mind that grave, strong figure who was so absorbed in the care of his people that the wildest storm could not divert his attention.

M. C. DE K.

*Outlook*, N. Y.

## LINCOLN'S SELECTION OF HIS FIRST CABINET

### LINCOLN'S REASONS FOR HIS CABINET

He wished to combine the experience of Seward, the integrity of Chase, the popularity of Cameron; to hold the West with Bates, attract New England with Welles, please the Whigs through Smith, and convince the Democrats through Blair. *Nicolet and Hay.*

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**S**HOULD a candidate for President, once he is nominated, tell the voters who will become members of his Cabinet if he is elected? There was quite some discussion over this subject during the Harding-Cox contest. The general opinion seemed to be that as a Cabinet has so much to do with the shaping of an Administration advance information should be given. But it has never been done in this country, although there have been some elections which cast tell-tale Cabinet selection shadows before them. All in all, it seems likely that the plan of the future will be the one we have always followed, but in all cases to bend our energies to the selection of candidates whose judgment is to be relied upon in the making of wise Cabinet choices. It cannot be otherwise than true that a splendid Cabinet might make a success of a weak executive's Administration. Such things have been witnessed by men and women still living.

If ever there has been a time when this country of ours was on tip-toe over Cabinet-making that time was just sixty years ago—a little after the new year of 1861 had dawned and when Abraham Lincoln was selecting the seven men who were to

form his first Cabinet. In going over very carefully the events of his career up to that time we can find no task which called forth the skill, the patience, tact and diplomacy which he displayed in this regard. The country was rent asunder with internal strife, but Mr. Lincoln still had the hope that in the selection of his Cabinet he might avert a civil war. Vain hope! Still he did not shrink from the task nor leave a thing undone for which he could be justly criticized.

*A Man of Small Reputation*

When the Chicago Convention in 1860 nominated Mr. Lincoln, he was a few months beyond his fifty-first year—one of the youngest men to have attained the nomination. But he was almost unknown outside of the Middle West; he enjoyed no wide reputation as had Calhoun, Webster or Clay in a generation just passing from the stage of political activity as Mr. Lincoln came upon it. True, some fourteen years before he had been elected to Congress but only for a single term and at a time when Illinois was not yet a force in the political arena at Washington, and for the most part, his acquaintanceship with senators and congressmen came later. Few of the men who were in Congress when Mr. Lincoln served were there when he was elected President.

If some writers are to be believed, the Lincoln Cabinet members were selected on election night, November 6, 1860, at the telegraph office in Springfield where he went to receive the returns. Some of these same writers must have been fictionists also, for the Cabinet was not selected then nor members' names jotted down on the back of an envelope, nor the task so easily disposed of as some would have us believe. We know, of course, that directly following the inauguration he sent to the Senate his selection and it at once confirmed these names:

For Secretary of State, William H. Seward of New York.  
For Secretary of Treasury, Salmon P. Chase of Ohio.  
For Secretary of War, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania.  
For Secretary of Navy, Gideon Welles of Connecticut.  
For Secretary of the Interior, Caleb B. Smith of Indiana.  
For Attorney-General, Edward Bates of Missouri.  
For Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair of Maryland.

This had, however, been the work of months, and while it gave Mr. Lincoln a Cabinet, changes came very early in his Administration. The initial one was the making of Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War in place of General Cameron; and only two members of the original Cabinet, Messrs. Seward and Welles, remained when Mr. Lincoln began his second Administration in March, 1865.

#### *Lincoln's Advisers*

Very likely Mr. Lincoln had decided on election night that Mr. Seward should be a member of his cabinet and his earliest expressed wishes also included the name of Mr. Bates. Two men more than all others—neither early intimate friends of Mr. Lincoln—had much to do with the formation of his Cabinet. Vice President-elect Hamlin was one of these men. He had already served in both branches of Congress and already knew more of the qualifications of men then in public life than did Mr. Lincoln. The other man was Thurlow Weed, who filled a unique place in the political history of the United States and who was loved and trusted by every public man of prominence from the time he entered on his active career of journalism and politics in central New York in 1818 until the curtain fell in 1882. To Weed more than to any other person Mr. Seward owed his place in the Cabinet. Weed backed the latter at the Chicago convention and had been much annoyed and de-

#### 4 LINCOLN'S SELECTION OF HIS FIRST CABINET

jected by Mr. Seward's defeat. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Hamlin met in Chicago. Nothing outwardly definite was done respecting the formation of the Cabinet until this meeting. The first real step was a letter written on December 8, 1860, and addressed to Mr. Seward at Washington. It contained a request that he become Secretary of State. The letter was accompanied by a less formal message in which Mr. Lincoln said, among other things: "In regard to the patronage sought with so much eagerness and jealousy, I have prescribed for myself the maxim, 'Justice to all,' and I earnestly beseech your cooperation in keeping the maxim good." Before the end of December Seward had accepted.

#### *Wise Selections*

Only a few days after sending the letter to Mr. Seward a verbal message had been sent to Mr. Bates at St. Louis that Mr. Lincoln would go there and consult with him about some points in connection with the formation of the Cabinet. And Mr. Bates was offered the Attorney-Generalship, and in a few days he accepted the office. Thus Mr. Lincoln had obtained for himself whatever prestige Mr. Seward had in the State of New York, and by the selection of Mr. Bates had done his best to keep Missouri loyal to the Union. The name of Mr. Smith of Indiana, was added as the third name to the list. That of Colonel Henry S. Lane of the same State had been considered and then rejected. Schuyler Colfax, later Vice President, had been urged for a Cabinet position. Mr. Colfax was a man much younger than either Mr. Smith or Mr. Bates, was a newspaper editor, and his friends had urged his name strongly. He had entered Congress in 1854 when thirty-three years old. The reason Mr. Lincoln did not appoint him was not disclosed until after the inauguration of the President, and then

Mr. Lincoln wrote Mr. Colfax a frank letter, in which he made a statement which had impelled the selection of Mr. Smith. In the letter he said, "When you were brought forward I said, 'Colfax is a young man, is already in position, is running a brilliant career, and is sure of a bright future in any event—with Smith it is now or never.' "

Early in his selecting of a Cabinet Mr. Lincoln had expressed the wish that Mr. Chase of Ohio should become a member. He had been governor of his State, and was a man of well-known executive ability and of absolute integrity of character. Mr. Lincoln believed that his name as a Cabinet member would inspire great confidence. His selection, however, was fraught with some danger, for the reason that the State of Pennsylvania had put forward Senator Cameron, its then most prominent public citizen, and desired him also appointed to a position in the Lincoln Cabinet. Whether or not it was advisable to appoint one member from Ohio and one member from Pennsylvania was a question which Mr. Lincoln had to wrestle with and weigh with great care and deliberation. His mind finally was made up, and by the end of December he despatched a letter to General Cameron offering him the position of Secretary of the Treasury or Secretary of War. This letter to General Cameron was perhaps the one which caused more trouble for Mr. Lincoln than any he wrote during his entire public career.

Only a few days later, on January 3, 1861, another letter was sent to General Cameron, in which Mr. Lincoln stated that it was impossible for him to be taken into the Cabinet. He gave no definite reasons, but permitted the general to guess what the reasons might be. They were, as a matter of fact, due to a factional contest which was then being waged against him in Pennsylvania. In his second letter Mr. Lincoln urged General Cameron to write him and decline the appointment. The lat-



## 6 LINCOLN'S SELECTION OF HIS FIRST CABINET

ter, however, apparently believed that his selection to a position in the Cabinet would mean his reintrenchment in his State and he was reluctant to lose whatever prestige and enhanced position Mr. Lincoln's offer to a position might give him. With matters in this position the friends of William L. Dayton of New Jersey were strongly urging his selection, but as we know now General Cameron was finally appointed.

Once Mr. Seward was selected he felt seemingly free to urge the selection of the other members. One of his efforts and pleasing for a time to Mr. Lincoln, was the appointment of a Southern man. Mr. Seward had been one of those who had urged for a position in the Cabinet either John C. Fremont, Randall Hunt, of Louisiana, or John A. Gilmer or Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, and offered to learn whether or not they would accept. The names of Robert E. Scott and John M. Botts, both of Virginia; Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland; Bailey Peyton and Meredith P. Gentry, both of Tennessee, were considered in connection with the position of Postmaster-General, which finally went to Mr. Blair. But Mr. Lincoln was quick to see a danger to this course. On January 12, 1861 he pointed to it in a letter to Mr. Seward: "I fear if we could get we could not safely take more than one such man—that is, not more than one who opposed us in the election, the danger being to lose the confidence of our own friends."

### *The Cabinet Completed*

Matters rested in that position until Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington. Mr. Seward was to be Secretary of State; Mr. Bates, Attorney-General; Mr. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury. The tender to General Cameron had been recalled, but he had not declined. No member of New England had been finally selected, but Gideon

Welles was the man most forcibly urged and the one whom Mr. Lincoln most desired. One of the sharpest contests waged was by the friends of Mr. Blair and of Mr. Davis for the position of Postmaster-General. Mr. Blair was a man considerably older, of wider experience and of more influential family, and these were probably the combined reasons why he was finally selected. There was the eleventh-hour declining by Mr. Seward to go into the Cabinet, but Mr. Lincoln had very early made up his mind to have him serve and his "I cannot afford to have Seward take the first trick" was so skillfully played that Mr. Lincoln and the nation obtained the services of this man who could not without loss have been spared during the stressful times which followed closely upon the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln.

JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON.

*Transcript, Boston.*

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#### THE PERSONNEL OF LINCOLN'S CABINET

Abraham Lincoln, Elected President, 1860. Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin, now Larue county, Kentucky. Died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Hannibal Hamlin, Elected Vice President, 1860. Born August 27, 1809, in Paris, Maine. Died July 4, 1891, at Bangor, Maine.

##### *Lincoln's First Cabinet, 1861*

William H. Seward. Born May 6, 1801, at Florida, N. Y. Died October 10, 1872, at Auburn, N. Y.

Salmon P. Chase. Born January 13, 1808, at Cornish, N. H. Died May 7, 1873, at New York.

Simon Cameron. Born March 8, 1799, at Maytown, Pa. Died June 26, 1889, at Maytown, Pa.

**8        LINCOLN'S SELECTION OF HIS FIRST CABINET**

**Gideon Welles. Born July 1, 1802, at Glastonbury, Conn.  
Died February 1, 1898, at Hartford, Conn.**

**Caleb B. Smith. Born April 16, 1808, at Boston, Mass.  
Died January 7, 1864, at Indianapolis, Ind.**

**Edward Bates. Born September 4, 1793, at Belmont, Va.  
Died March 25, 1869, at St. Louis, Mo.**

**Montgomery Blair. Born May 10, 1813, in Franklin county,  
Ky. Died July 27, 1883, at Silver Springs, Md.**

## MEMORIES OF LINCOLN

**W**HEN the troops were being mobilized in 1898 for the war against Spain, the First Illinois Cavalry, of which I was made chaplain, was sent to Springfield, the capital of the State, and, aside from the routine duties as postmaster of the regiment, I found myself with considerable leisure in which I could hunt up people who had known Lincoln personally—had talked intimately with him and gathered at first-hand some of the anecdotes that later became common possessions. Every place with which Lincoln's name was associated was visited in a search for the possible thing that others had missed. The interest developed in this way has made me something more than a worshipper at the shrine of our first martyr President. It has taken me to his birthplace in Kentucky, to the haunts of his boyhood and to the place on the Ohio where he earned his first dollar. It has led me to the grave of his mother and to the low mound that marks the grave of Ann Rutledge. I have sought out the places where he spoke of the issues that had to be settled by the arbitrament of war. My library has its largest section given to books written by those who knew him and loved him and by those who look upon him through the eyes of a stranger—as when Lord Charnwood and Mr. Drinkwater try to give expression to a conception of Lincoln formed under other skies.

But this is not what I started out to say. I wanted to speak of "memories" of Lincoln that still make up part of life's richest possessions for men and women who live along the old turnpike roads that run out of Springfield and Bloomington and that part of Illinois that knew Lincoln as "he rode the cir-

cuit" in the days when he practiced law. I recently came upon an old man—just turning into the eighties—who told me stories of those days and described to me his Lincoln. Every man paints the picture that pleases him best. This old man's favorite picture of Lincoln was that of a man with a wealth of black hair that hung over a broad smooth forehead and was brushed back till it partly hid the top part of large but not ill-shaped ears. The beard was neatly trimmed, leaving the upper lip quite free, so that the smile that lighted up the face whenever there was a sally of humor that stirred the deeper soul, could be traced from its slightest beginnings throughout its brief life.

A characteristic attitude was one in which Lincoln would sit with his eyes turned toward the floor, or toward some distant object, utterly oblivious to all that was transpiring around him. When an answer to any question had been evolved through one of those pensive periods, no revision was ever afterward necessary.

All this was indicated in a photograph by Brady that the old man gave to me—a keepsake to be long treasured. On the back of the picture is written "A very good likeness of Abraham Lincoln as I knew him, T. A. Isbell. Presented by A. Lincoln." I have not seen it reproduced amongst the familiar portraits of Lincoln. (This was the seated portrait.)

(REV.) LT. COL. C. SEYMOUR BULLOCK.

*Transcript, BOSTON.*

## THE BIG STRANGER ON DORCESTER HEIGHTS

**P**ERHAPS it was Saturday; anyway, it was one of the first days of March, 1860. Paul Duvernay and Bowdoin Capen had been playing marbles on a bare spot of clay near the junction of Dorchester street and Broadway, South Boston. It was afternoon, and not late. At that period school hours were different; Wednesday had a half-holiday and Saturday but a half-holiday. Hence this was either Wednesday, Saturday, or truancy. Paul was capable of a companionable lapse of that character; Bowdy was a persuasive boy. When the sun comes beaming north it entices people out into its smiling warmth; often induces older persons than those just entering their teens to bathe in its glorious flood.

When the boys parted Bowdy took the marbles home with him; Paul's pockets were as light as his spirits, as he went up Linden street toward where his father was at work on a row of houses then building on the Old Harbor side of the hill.

About half-way up this street Paul heard someone coming from behind with long, strong strides. Turning, the boy saw a gigantic man swinging up the narrow walk; soon the two came close together. "Say, Bub, is this the right road to Dorchester Heights?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pretty steep walking, isn't it? Ain't many hills where I live."

Paul volunteered to guide the stranger, and the foot of the preserve was quickly reached.

Curiosity prompted the boy to climb the incline in company with the visitor. At the top they halted in the middle near the little reservoir which then occupied the present site of a school-house.

## 2 THE BIG STRANGER ON DORCHESTER HEIGHTS

"Of course you know the history of this place?" asked the stranger.

"Everybody knows that."

They faced the harbor; the State House dome shone far away on the left.

"The fleet lay about there," said the boy, glad to show his knowledge.

"Then Washington planted his guns where we stand?"

"So everybody says, sir."

"And George Washington probably stood just where I now stand. Here he made history that counts for something."

The great big man stooped over and scrabbled up a handful of pebbles which he put into his trousers pocket. He was dressed in black cloth; he wore a tall hat, as many men did at that time.

"Probably this gravel was brought here from somewhere else. Well! So was I; but both of us are better for having been here."

This was not said to Paul but addressed to the surroundings.

Soon the stranger saw all that interested him and said, "Bub, I am glad to have been here, I may not have another opportunity, and am glad to have come."

Paul accompanied the man down to Broadway and Dorchester street. He had never seen so big a man before, nor so gaunt a face, nor such sad eyes that could light up so finely. This face fixed itself in his memory.

After a long wait a horse-car came along and the big man thanked Paul for his kindness, wrapped the boy's hand and wrist within his gigantic hand and went cityward.

The summer came with intense interest. The crisis with slavery had come. Everyone was excited. Conventions had nominated candidates and political clubs were formed. Wide-

Awakes paraded every night with flaming lamps and oil-cloth capes. Paul was now fourteen and quite tall, so he enrolled.

He was one of the most enthusiastic members of the club, for there at the end of Waitt's Hall on the high wall was a picture of the big stranger who had visited Washington Heights in his company. Under this picture was "ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

ALBERT DUVERNAY PENTZ.

West Lynn, Mass.

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### LINCOLN ON THE TARIFF

SIR: The "familiar Lincoln quotation" which you copy from the Philadelphia *Ledger*, but which you have not been able to find in any authentic works of the great man, must be a fiction. The quotation is in these words:

"I do not know much about the tariff, but I know this much, when we buy manufactured goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money. When we buy manufactured goods at home we get the goods and the money."

My reason for thinking that Lincoln never said this is that he was not a fool. He knew that a good rule must work both ways. In the case supposed, both the foreigner and ourselves could double their wealth by not trading at all. How strange that the world never before discovered this method of amassing riches by abolishing commerce altogether!

The fallacy in the quoted saying consists in the misuse of the word money. When we buy goods abroad we do not pay for them with money, but with our own products—in Lincoln's time mostly with wheat, corn, beef, and cotton; at the present time large and increasingly with automobiles, sewing machines, typewriters, locomotives, and other manufactures. Very little



money passes between us and the foreigner; just enough to settle balances arising from the exchange of goods. Sometimes the balance is for us, and sometimes against us.

The opinions of Mr. Lincoln on the protective tariff half a century ago are perhaps not very important now, in view of the enormous changes that have taken place in the industrial affairs of the nation. He could not have given any opinions later than 1865. The latest that he did, so far as I have been able to discover, are embraced in the following letter:

"CLINTON, ILL., October 11, 1859.

"MR. EDWARD WALLACE.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am just now attending court. Yesterday, before I left Springfield, your brother, Dr. William S. Wallace, showed me a letter of yours in which you kindly mention my name, inquire for my tariff views, and suggest the propriety of my writing a letter upon the subject. I was an old Henry Clay tariff Whig. In old times I made more speeches on that subject than any other. I have not since changed my views.

"I believe yet if we could have a moderate, carefully adjusted protective tariff, so far acquiesced in as not to be a perpetual subject of political strife, squabbles, and uncertainties, it would be better for us.

"Still, it is my opinion that just now the revival of that question will not advance the cause itself or the man who revives it.

"I have not thought much upon the subject recently, but my general impression is that the necessity of a protective tariff will, ere long, force its opponents to take it up; and then its old friends can join and establish it on a more firm and durable basis.

"We, the old Whigs, have been entirely beaten on the tariff

question, and we shall not be able to re-establish the policy until the absence of it shall have demonstrated the necessity for it in the minds of men heretofore opposed to it. With this view I should prefer not now to write a public letter upon the subject. I therefore wish this to be considered confidential. Yours truly,  
A. LINCOLN."

The foregoing letter was printed in the *Chicago Tribune* of March 16, 1867. I believe it has not been included in any of Lincoln's collected works. Although authentic it cannot be considered important, but if the writer of it had believed that all nations could double their wealth by refraining from trade with each other this would have been a suitable occasion for saying so.

HORACE WHITE.

EVENING POST, N. Y., April 10, 1919.

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### LINCOLN LETTERS

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 26, 1860. To Major Gen. David Hunter.  
"Private and Confidential." In reference to the rumors of opposition to the Government in event of Republican success at the polls.

"I have another letter, from a writer unknown to me, saying the officers of the Army at Fort Kearny, have determined, in case of Republican success at the approaching Presidential election, to take themselves and the arms at that point, South, for the purpose of resistance to the Government— While I think there are many chances to one that this is a humbug, it occurs to me that any movement of this sort in the army, would leak out and become known to you— In such case, if it would not be unprofessional or dishonorable (of which you are to judge) I shall be much obliged if you will apprise me of it."

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 22, 1860. To Maj. Gen. David Hunter.  
"Confidential."

"I am much obliged by the receipt of yours of the 18th. The most we can do now is to watch events, and be as well prepared as possible for any turn things may take. If the forts fall, my judgment is that they are to be retaken— When I shall determine definitely my time of starting to Washington I will notify you."

Washington, Oct. 24, 1861. To the Commander of the Department of the West (Gen. Fremont). Referring to the expulsion of the rebels from Missouri, and the defeat of Price's army, and their retreat upon North-Western Arkansas.

"The main rebel army (Price's) west of the Mississippi, is believed to have passed Dade County, in full retreat upon North-Western Arkansas, leaving Missouri almost freed from the enemy, excepting in the South-East of the State. Assuming this basis of fact, it seems desirable [*sic*] as you are not likely to overtake Price, and are in danger of making too long a line from your own base of supplies and reinforcements, that you should give up the pursuit. . . . . Before Spring the people of Missouri will be in no favorable mood to renew, for next year, the troubles which have so much afflicted and impoverished them during this."

A fine letter, showing the keen insight of the President into things military. He concludes his letter with a reiteration of a large discretion which "*must be, and is, left with yourself.*"

Executive Mansion, Washington, Dec. 31, 1861. To Major Gen. Hunter. With envelope, on which Gen. Hunter has written: "The President in reply to my 'ugly letter.' This letter was kept on his table for more than a month, and then sent by a private conveyance, with directions to hand it to me only when I was in good humor! ! !"

"Yours of the 23rd is received, and I am constrained to say it is difficult to answer so ugly a letter in good temper. I am, as you intimate, losing much of the great confidence I place in you . . . from the flood of grumbling despatches and letters I have seen from you. . . . No one has blamed you for the retrograde movement from Springfield, nor for the information you gave Gen. Cameron, and this you could readily understand if it were not for your unwarranted assumption that the ordering you to Leavenworth must necessarily have been done as a punishment for some fault. . . . You constantly speak of being placed in command of only 3,000. Now tell me, is not this mere impatience? Have you not known all the while that you are to command four or five times that many?"

## AN INTERVIEW WITH LINCOLN

5

"I have been, and am sincerely your friend; and if, as such, I dare to make a suggestion, I would say you are adopting the best possible way to ruin yourself. 'Act well your part, there all the honor lies'— He who does *something* at the head of one regiment, will eclipse him who does *nothing* at the head of a hundred."

Written in pencil, on 16mo card. (To Sec. of War E. M. Stanton.)

An extremely interesting little note, such as it was Lincoln's custom to send over to the War Office, when he did not go there personally, during the anxious hours while the news from distant battle-fields came tediously over the wires.

The present note was written during the critical September days of 1862 when the Union Army in Tennessee under Gen. Buell was retreating before Gen. Bragg and when consternation reigned in Louisville and Cincinnati, which were temporarily exposed to attack.

It reads: "*Has anything been heard from Buell lately? Is anything being done for East Tennessee? A. Lincoln.*"

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., April 1, 1863. To Major Gen. Hunter. In regard to Union colored troops.

"I am glad to see the accounts of your colored force at Jacksonville, Florida. I see the enemy are driving at them fiercely, as is to be expected. It is important to the enemy that such a force shall not take shape, and grow and thrive, in the South; and in precisely the same proportion, it is important to us that it shall. Hence the utmost caution and vigilance is necessary on our part. The enemy will make extra efforts to destroy them; and we should do the same to preserve and increase them."

---

## AN INTERVIEW WITH LINCOLN

(By Ex-Gov. D. H. CHAMBERLAIN, in *The Tribune*, Nov. 4, 1883.)

It was my privilege once, and once only to talk with Abraham Lincoln—at Petersburg, April 6, 1863.

His face, his figure, his attitude, his words, form the most

remarkable picture in my memory, and will while memory lasts.

I spoke to him of the country's gratitude for his great deliverance of the slaves. His sad face beamed for a moment with his happiness, as he answered in exact substance and very nearly in words: "I have been only an instrument. The logic and moral power of Garrison, and the anti-slavery people of the country, and the army, have done all."

---

### LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG

WHO FIRST DISCERNED THAT THE WORDS THEN SPOKEN WERE  
IMMORTAL?

You are in error in the statement in your editorial article on "Our National Birthday" on July 4 that the *London Times* first discerned that Lincoln's Gettysburg address belonged to the ages and was "deathless from the dead."

Neither the *London Times* nor any other foreign publication is entitled to priority of recognition of the high merits of the address, although such assertions have been repeatedly published for the last thirty years or more. Least of all is the *London Times* to be credited with such discovery, as shown by the following excerpt from its paper of December 4, 1863, fifteen days following the address, from the pen of its American correspondent:

The Gettysburg ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln, who seems determined to play in this great American Union the part of the famous Governor of Baratania. Anything more dull and commonplace it wouldn't be easy to produce.

It was an American, Dr. Josiah G. Holland, who, quick to

see in Lincoln's words at Gettysburg something far above the ordinary, wrote accordingly in the Springfield, (Mass.) *Republican* the day following. A few days later George William Curtis and Henry W. Longfellow expressed themselves in like strain.

The best information points to Goldwin Smith as the first writer abroad to discover anything of special merit in the address, his contribution on the subject being published in *Macmillan's Magazine* of February, 1865, fifteen months after the London *Times's* diatribe above quoted. Statements of numerous American writers awarding title of first discovery to the *Westminster Review* and other English publications lack verification.

ISAAC MARKENS.

*Sun*, N. Y., July 8, 1920.

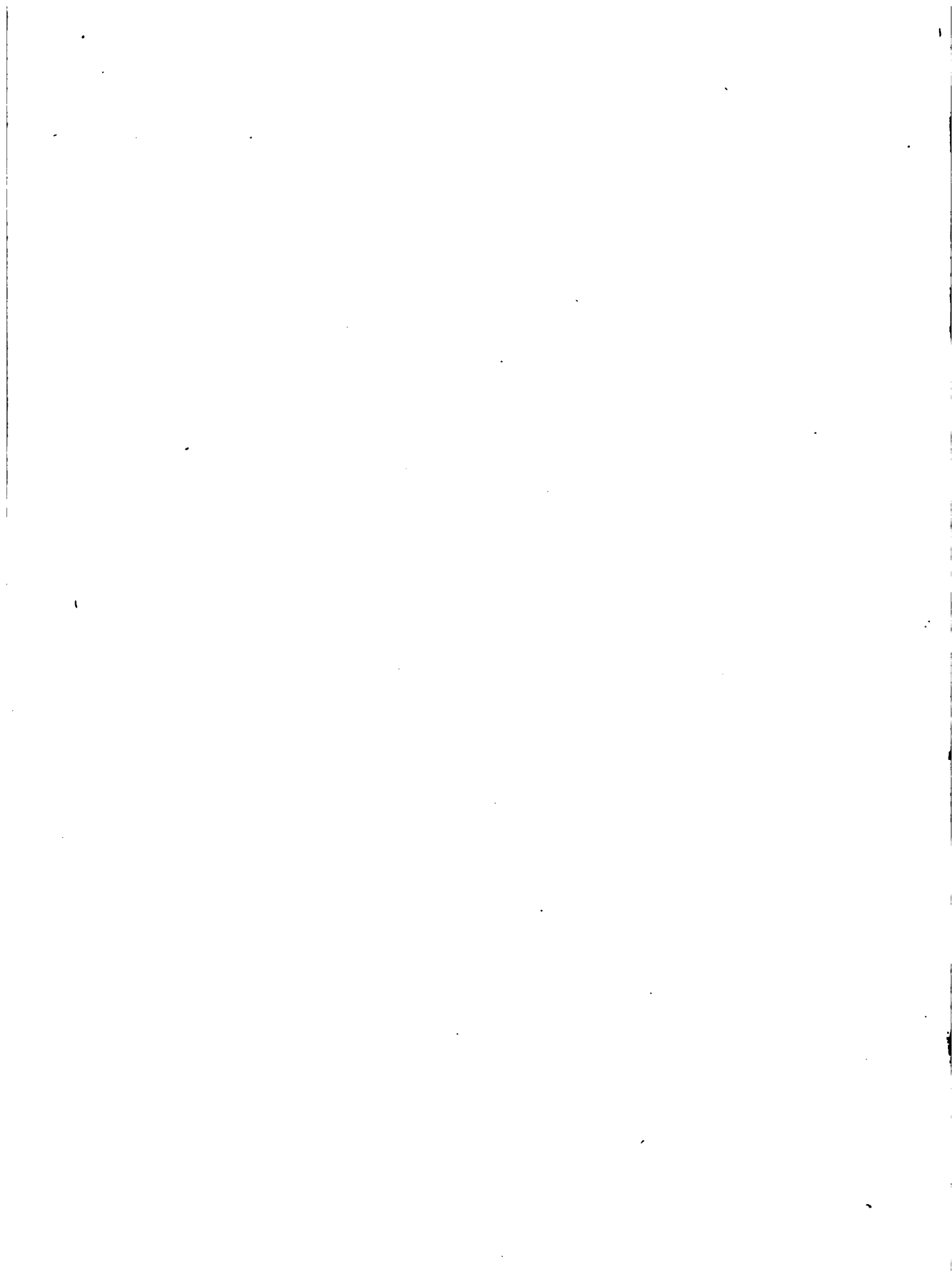
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### LINCOLN AND OXFORD

Attention has been called to this old query as to where the Gettysburg address is shown in Oxford. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech hangs in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. A perfect speech, because so much is expressed in such few, simple words. The *Westminster Review*, September, 1866, said: "It has but one equal: in that pronounced upon those who fell during the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and in one respect it is superior to that great speech. It is not only more natural, fuller of feeling, more touching and pathetic, but we know with absolute certainty that it was really delivered. Nature here fairly takes precedence of art, even though it be the art of Thucydides."

ARCHER.

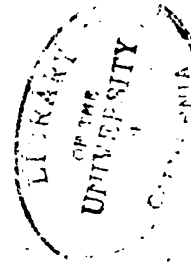
*Transcript*, BOSTON.



APR 25 1922

4-1  
VOL. 20

No. 3<sup>2</sup>



THE  
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 78



THE WELCH INDIANS . . . . . *George Burder (1787)*

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TAREYTOWN, N. Y.

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### EDITOR'S PREFACE

**T**his is a very rare and curious pamphlet, unknown to Field and other collectors and the only one upon its subject known to us. The origin of the North American Indians has always been a favorite subject for ethnological and theological discussion. The lost tribes of Israel, the Japanese, the Mongols, and other races, have been declared their progenitors; while the author of this pamphlet writes so clearly on the subject that he seems to have inherited the mantle of Dean Swift, that master of the direct style. (It may here be noted that a new Edition of the story of Prince Madoc's voyage was published in London only a few years ago.

It will be noticed that so late as 1797, the matter was seriously discussed in England. The writer "Bowles" referred to in some of the earlier letters was the noted William Augustus Bowles, whose "Authentic Memoirs," London, 1791, were published as our EXTRA No. 46.



THE  
**WELCH INDIANS**

OR

**A COLLECTION OF PAPERS**

**RESPECTING A PEOPLE WHOSE ANCESTORS EMIGRATED  
FROM WALES TO AMERICA, IN THE YEAR 1170,**

WITH

***PRINCE MADOC***

**(THREE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE FIRST VOYAGE  
OF COLUMBUS),**

**And who are said now to inhabit a beautiful Country on the  
West Side of the MISSISSIPPI.**

---

DEDICATED  
TO THE  
***MISSIONARY SOCIETY***  
BY  
**GEORGE BURDER**

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**LONDON**  
**PRINTED FOR T. CHAPMAN,**

**NO. 151, FLEET-ST.**

**1787**

*Price One Shilling.*

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.  
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TO THE  
DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS  
OF THE  
*MISSIONARY SOCIETY*

---

GENTLEMEN,

YOU are engaged in the most honourable of all pursuits, the diffusion of evangelical knowledge among the benighted heathen. With unexampled liberality you have dispatched a number of Missionaries to Otaheite, and other islands of the Pacific Ocean. You have now in contemplation the benevolent plan of Christianizing the poor oppressed Africans. May the Almighty Saviour succeed your philanthropic labours!

Permit me to introduce to your compassionate notice a numerous and long-neglected race of men, originally Britons, and still retaining the ancient British language, but separated by the vast Atlantic from this illumined isle for more than six hundred years.

If we may credit the most respectable testimonies, they preserve among them, with religious veneration, a manuscript volume which is, with the greatest probability, supposed to be THE BIBLE, that blessed book which is able to make us wise to salvation. They cannot read it, yet long to know its contents; they have wept when strangers have visited them, unable like themselves to peruse it. Tradition has taught them to expect that some messenger of God will one day come among them, and unlock the sacred cabinet. I indulge the hope that this honour is reserved for the English Missionary Society. Thrice happy shall that man be esteemed who, standing up among them and holding the Bible in his hands, shall cry in the British tongue, "I am come from Madoc's country to read and explain to you this holy book of God, and to preach among you the unsearchable riches of Christ."



Gentlemen, the following pages contain historical relations of the emigration of Prince Madoc from Wales, with a numerous train of his followers in the year 1170; together with a variety of remarkable circumstances reported by travellers, and corroborating proofs from writers of different nations, all uniting to confirm the fact of their existence on the banks of the Missouri.

If this publication should draw forth further and still more satisfactory information concerning them, and especially if it should induce you to extend your generous and compassionate regards to their distant abode, it will afford the most cordial joy to,

Gentlemen,

Your humble Servant,

GEORGE BURDER

*Coventry,*  
*March 10, 1797.*

THE  
WELCH INDIANS

---

No. I.

*The Discovery of America by the Welch, from the Universal History,*  
Vol. xlv. p. 3.

**W**e must not omit that the *Welch* claim a more ancient discovery than any yet produced; asserting that Prince Madoc, son of Owen Guineth, was cast on the coast of Florida as early as 1170 or 1190. Though indeed some look on this relation as fabulous, it has a great many corroborating circumstances that make it appear not improbable; for Meredith ap Rheise, who gives us the account, was prior to Columbus, and died in the year 1477, which is fifteen years before Columbus began his expedition. To this we may add the affinity between the language of the Welch, and of some of the settlements in those parts, which receives some weight from the evidence of Mr. Davies, who tells us he met with a whole settlement that spoke the Welch language in its uttermost purity; and from the tradition of some of the inhabitants, who assert that their ancestors came from a country beyond the great waters, nearly about the same time, from the same point of the compass, or from the rising of the sun.

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No. II.

*The following was found among the Papers of the late Lady Fraser,  
of Cresey House, in Lincolnshire\*.*

COLUMBUS'S DISCOVERY OF AMERICA QUESTIONED

**THE** chief thing that induced me to look into some authors here mentioned, was my reading a small book in octavo, lent me by a French gentleman to peruse about twenty-five years ago; it was translated into English, and gave an account of a great nation of Indians within-land from Cape Florida that actually speak Welch.

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\* Gentleman's Magazine, 1789, Vol. ii. p. 1067.

1. Please to look into James Howell's Letters, vol. ii. p 71. concerning the ancient Brittaines, and you will find that Maddoc ap Owen, a Prince of Wales, made two voyages from Wales to America, the first in the year 1170, which is three hundred and sixteen years before Columbus saw it. He died at Mexico, and this following epitaph was found engraven on his tomb in the Welch language:

"Madoc wismio ydie wedd,  
Jawn ycnan Owen Gwynedd,  
Ni sennum dvisig enriddoedd,  
Ni dv mawr ondy mervedd."

ENGLISHED

"Madoc ap Owen was I call'd,  
Strong, tall, and comely, not enthrall'd  
With home-bred pleasures; but for fame,  
Through land and sea I sought the same."

2. See third volume of the Voyages of the English Nation, by Richard Hackluyt, Student of Christ Church, in Oxford, p. 1.

3. See Pagett's Christianography, p. 47.

4. See the third and last volume of the Turkish Spy, p 202.

5. See Purchas's Pilgrimage, book viii. p. 899.

6. See Broughton, who affirms that the faith of Christ was preached in America by some of our first planters that preached in Britain.

7. See George Abbot, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury's History of the World, p. 255, 56, and 57, who informs us, that King Arthur had some knowledge of America, and that a prince of Wales first found it out.

8. See the Welch Cambria, wrote by David Powell, and Sir John Price, Knt., translated into English by Humphry Lloyd, Gent.; there you will see the reasons that induced the Prince Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd to travel.

9. See Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, and the words the natives used when they talked together. They say these and the like words: gwrundo, which is hearken, or listen, in Welch; a bird with a white head, they call pengwyn; the white rock, caregwen; a river, gwndwr; and there is a promontory; not far from Mexico, called Cape Breton, all which are British words; and many more words of like nature; which does manifestly shew that it was that country the Prince Madoc's people inhabited.

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No. III.

*The following Account of MADOC and his Family, taken from Welch Historians and Poets, appeared in the Monthly Magazine for December, 1796, signed MEIRON.*

OWAIN, Prince of Gwynes, who died in the year 1169, had nineteen children; the names of the sons were, Rhodri, Cynoric, Riryd, Meredyz, Edwal, Cynan, 'Rien, Maelgon, 'Lywelyn, Iorwerth, Davyz, Cadwallon, Hywell, Cadell, Madoc, Einion, and Phylip: of these, Rhodri, Hywell, Davyz, and Madoc were the most distinguished. Hywell was a fine poet, as appears by his compositions, of which eight are preserved. His mother was a native of Ireland; and though not born in wedlock, he was the first who aspired to the crown after the death of Owain, which event no sooner took place but his brother Davyz became his competitor, under the sanction of a legitimate birth. The consequence was that the country became embroiled in a civil war.

Influenced by disgust at the unnatural dissensions among his brothers, Madoc, who is represented of a very mild disposition, resolved upon the matchless enterprize of exploring the ocean westward, in search of more tranquil scenes. The event was, according to various old documents, the discovering of a new world, from which he effected his return, to inform his country of his good fortune. The consequence of which was the fitting-out of a second expedition; and Madoc, with his brother Riryd, Lord of Clocran, in Ireland, prevailed upon so

many to accompany them as to fill seven ships; and sailing from the Isle of *Lundy*, they took an eternal leave of Wales. There is a large book of pedigrees still extant, written by *Jean Breva*, who flourished in the age preceding the time of *Columbus*, where the above event is thus noticed, in treating of the genealogy of *Owain Gwynes*, "*Madoc a Riryd a gawsant dir yn mpell yn y Merwcryz, ac yno y cyvannezasant.*" (Madoc and Riryd found land far in the sea of the west, and there they settled.) '*Lywarc*, the son of '*Lywelyn*, seems to have composed two of his poems in the time between the first and the second of the two voyages of *Madoc*. One of these pieces must be considered of great importance and curiosity: it is an invocation, as if he were undergoing the fiery ordeal, to exonerate himself from having any knowledge of the fate of *Madoc*; the second being a panegyric upon *Rhodri*, another brother, has a remarkable allusion to the same event. It is thus translated:

"Two princes, of strong passions, broke off in wrath; beloved by the multitude of the earth. One on land, in *Arvon*, allaying of ambition; and another, a placid one, on the bosom of the vast ocean, in great and immeasurable trouble, prowling after a possession easy to be guarded, estranged from all for a country."

---

#### No. IV.

*Observations on the MADAWGWYS, by William Owen. Published in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, Vol. i. p. 329.*

THE emigration and consequent settlement of Madawg ab Owain Gwynedd on the American continent, was an event which, considering the period when it is reported to have happened, it is no wonder should have been discredited, notwithstanding the proofs of historical documents, and the more explicit evidence of the fact that the descendants of such emigration do now exist as a distinct race, unmixed from the aboriginal natives. Indeed, one of the *Reviews* of last month, unfortunately for its credit as a prophetic

oracle, in passing its judgment on Dr. Williams's inquiry respecting Madawg's voyage, calls it a revival of the almost exploded subject: however, I have the satisfaction of having received such proofs respecting the curious occurrence in the history of ancient Britons, as will procure it the full credit from the world it has heretofore received from myself and many of my friends.

{ Within these last two years I have received no less than three several accounts, perfectly agreeing with one another, proving the existence of an extensive nation of white people, speaking the Welch language; } and we find them even noticed in our common maps, under the name of the White Padoucas, the centre of them being about lat. 40, long. 100, though the curious circumstance of a white people being placed here hath not attracted the public notice. Those accounts are now most decisively corroborated by the testimony of Mr. Bowles, and the companions of his expedition to this country.

The Madawgwys, or the people of Madawg, are very well known to the Creeks, and the other Indians in general, and are called indiscriminately the Padoucas, and the White Indians. Mr. Bowles describes them to be *as white as we are, having some red, some sandy, and some black hair*. They are very numerous, and one of the most warlike nations on the Continent. He travelled their southern boundary from one end to the other. The tract they inhabit is rather high and hilly: but one of the *most fruitful and delightful countries he had ever seen*.

Yours, &c.

WILLIAM OWEN

---

CONTINUATION FROM MR OWEN.

(*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1791, Vol. i. p. 397)

THE accounts which were received prior to Mr. Bowles's communications had not furnished me with the name by which the Welch Indians were known; but on comparing them together, I was fully

of opinion that the Padoucas were those people; especially as that name was but a slight deviation in sound from Madawgwys, the real appellation which we may justly suppose they give themselves. Therefore it made a very forcible impression on my mind, when the first thing Mr. Bowles said was, what they are called, the Padoucas, in confirmation of the idea I had formed, prior to any inquiry being made at all on the subject. And as to the most important point, whether the language spoken by those people was *Welch*, the proofs adduced were equally satisfactory and clear: there was, said Mr. B., a Welchman with me at home, who escaped from the Spaniards in Mexico by making his way across the Continent, passing through the country of the Padoucas; where, to his great surprise, he found himself with a people speaking his own language. He remained among them for some time, and found they had some books, which were wrapped up in skins, and religiously preserved, and considered to be some kind of mysteries, as there was a tradition that those things contained an account from whence they had come. That the Padoucas speak the Welch language is further confirmed by Mr. Price, one of the companions of Mr. Bowles, who was born amongst the Creeks.

He, after observing his being acquainted with Welch himself, declared that his father, who was a Welchman, had opportunities of frequent interviews, and conversed with the Padoucas in his native language, as he had lived the greatest part of his life, and died in the Creek Country.

Mr. Bowles, in consequence of being told at what period Madawg's emigration took place, observed that his followers could not have increased to so numerous a people, considering how few they were when they emigrated. But the accounts of Mr. Price and of the Rev. Mr. Rankin, of Kentucky, agree in saying that the Padoucas have lately lessened their number, through the rage of civil discord.

Mr. Rankin also represents that there are evident traces of their having formerly inhabited the country about Kentucky; particularly *wells dug*, which still remain unfilled, and *ruins of buildings*, neither

of which were the works of the Indians. From the last particulars we may infer that the Welch Indians, found by Morgan Jones in North Carolina, about one hundred and thirty years ago, were the Padoucas, or at least a part of them; who, receding into such of the interior parts as were unpossessed by the natives, as the European Colonists spread over the maritime countries, remained stationary for a time on the banks of the Ohio; but in consequence of exploring that river to its junction with the Mississippi, and still pressing onward, they discovered and finally settled in, the beautiful region where we now find them.

WILLIAM OWEN.

This letter concludes by lamenting the subject has not excited more attention; but observes that there are now two or three persons, properly qualified, desirous to set out upon the expedition, but destitute of the necessary requisite—money—to carry it into effect.

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No. V.

*The following is extracted from a Letter of the Rev. Mr. Lynn, of Norfolk, to a Mr. William Owen.*

I HAVE bestowed some attention upon the same subject; but it is possible I am possessed of very little relating to it that is new to you. I have seen several letters from a respectable inhabitant of Kentucky, from some passages of which I could not help concluding that Madawg and his attendants must have landed somewhere on the shores of Florida, Georgia, or one of the Carolinas, and from thence passed by degrees to Kentucky; and afterwards westward, across the Mississippi, till they finally settled in that country which they now inhabit. In one of the above-mentioned letters I met with the following passage:

“You request an account of the Welch Indians. Such a people I believe there is far to the westward of us, on the Missouri river, the main branch of the Mississippi. I have some authentic accounts of



such a people, called the White Panes, or bearded Indians. Indeed the discoveries made among us, by abundance of nice earthen ware, &c. &c. often ploughed up in some of our fields, indicate that our country, heretofore, has been settled by whites. But of late Sir, a report has prevailed that a number of our people, exploring that part of the country, came to a different tribe, and could not talk with them. They came back with our people to some others they had at a camp. A Welchman that was in the camp could talk with them; but they exceeded him, as not being so corrupt in their language.

It has been reported that missionaries were to be sent, if they could be got, to see if it was them.

I must not forget to tell you that I am in possession of the copy of a curious letter, from a Mr. Crochan\* to the late Governor Dinwiddie, on this same subject. The original is deposited in one of the public offices; and a copy of it was some time ago procured by Maurice Morgan, Esq. late Secretary to Sir Guy Carleton, and is as follows:

*Winchester, August 24, 1753.*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

LAST year I understood, by Col. Lomax, that your Honour would be glad to have some information of a nation of people settled to the west, on a large river† that runs to the Pacific Ocean, *commonly called the Welch Indians*. As I had an opportunity of gathering some account of those people, I make bold, at the instance of Col. Cressup,\* to send you the following accounts. As I formerly had an opportunity of being acquainted with several French traders, and particularly with one that was bred up from his infancy amongst the Western Indians, on the west side of the lake Erie, he informed me that the first intelligence the French had of them was by some Indians settled at the back of New Spain; who, in their way home, happened to

\* Croghan

† The river Oregon.

lose themselves, and fell down on this settlement of people, which they took to be French, by their talking very quick: so, on their return to Canada, they informed the Governor that there was a large settlement of French on a river that ran to the sun's setting; that they were no Indians, although they lived within themselves as Indians; for they could not perceive that they traded with any people or had any trade to sea, for they had no boats or ships as they could see; and though they had guns amongst them, yet they were so old and so much out of order, that they made no use of them, but hunted with their bows and arrows for the support of their families.

On this account, the Governor of Canada determined to send a party to discover whether they were French or not; and had 300 men raised for that purpose. But when they were ready to go, the Indians would not go with them, but told the Governor that if he sent but a few men, they would go and shew them the country: on which the Governor sent three young priests, who dressed themselves in Indian dresses, and went with those Indians to the place where these people were settled, and found them to be Welch. They brought some old *Welch Bibles*\* to satisfy the Governor that they were there; and they told the Governor that these people had a great aversion to the French; for they found by them that they had been at first settled at the mouth of the river Mississippi, but had been almost cut off by the French there, so that a small remnant of them escaped back to where they were then settled, but had since become a numerous people. The Governor of Canada on this account, determined to raise an army of French Indians to go and cut them off; but as the French have been embarrassed in war with

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\*Left them by Welchmen, who fell in with them at different times. They have a book, in manuscript, which they would not part with.

I am induced to think it was a detached tribe of these people that was found there, and have proof to say there are part of them remaining under the name of Kansas, near the fall of the river Arkansas into the Mississippi.

several other nations nearer home, I believe they have laid that project aside. The man who furnished me with this account told me, that the messengers who went to make this discovery, were gone sixteen months before they returned to Canada, so that those people must live at a great distance from thence due west. This is the most particular account I ever could get of those people as yet. I am

Your Honour's  
Most obedient humble Servant,  
(Signed) GEORGE CHROCHAN.

N. B. Governor Dinwiddie agreed with three or four of the back traders to go in quest of the Welch Indians, and promised to give them £500 for that purpose; but he was recalled before they could set out on that expedition.

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#### No. VI.

*Further Accounts of the Welch Indians, published in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1792, Vol. ii. p. 597.*

MUCH has been said for some time past with respect to the existence of the above tribe of Indians, inhabiting a tract of country bordering on the Missouri, in the province of Louisiana, or New France, in North America, who are supposed to be descendants of a party of the Welch nation, who left Wales with Madoc, Prince of that country, in the year 1170, which is a period of 322 years prior to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. It is a pleasing satisfaction to the contemplating mind of the curious, to ascertain a proof of interesting circumstances, which has hitherto resisted the investigation of ages. The Society of Gwineddigion, held at the George, in George-yard, Lombard-street, have had the matter in contemplation for a length of time; and however desirous their inducement might be to bring the matter to a crisis, nothing effectually has been hitherto done. In accomplishing an undertaking where

there is some risk, two objects will naturally arise which will require much deliberation: The first, to adopt a well-digested system; 2dly, to find ways and means to carry that system into effect. It appears to me highly worthy of being remarked that, should an attempt ever be made to investigate this interesting period of history, with regard to the first discovery of America by Europeans, the sending persons properly qualified to those tribes called the Welch or White Indians, would be attended with very little expense, and still less danger.

As every information touching what I have before said, I am well assured, will be pleasing to the curious inquirer, I beg leave to give verbatim the copy of a letter I received from a gentleman who has lived at New Orleans, and on the banks of the Mississippi upwards of twenty years, and who is now in London:

DEAR SIR,

*Cheapside, January 28, 1792.*

I now return you the pamphlet, written by Dr. Williams, on the subject of the Padoucas, or Welch Indians.

If Mr. Jones did in 1660 find a tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Carolina, who spoke the Welch language, it is very certain that for these many years past no vestige of it remains among the tribes inhabiting that country, or its neighbourhood.

On the other hand, it is well known that within these fifty years past, a number of tribes have, from war and debauchery, become extinct, and that others (as encroached on by the white people) have removed westward; I myself having known within these twenty years several small tribes of the ancient Indians to have removed to the western side of the Mississippi; among those, and in the neighborhood of the Spanish settlements, there yet remains the remnant of a once powerful nation called the Mobilians, reduced at present to about twenty families. Their language, with respect to the dialects of the Creeks, Chactaws, and Chickesaws (the most powerful tribes now inhabiting the back of Georgia, the Carolinas,

and Virginia), would appear a mother tongue; for they can understand, and converse with all those tribes in their different dialects, but yet speak a language which no other tribes understand. This has been frequently proved by those French who have acquired the Mobilian language.

That the natives of America have, for many years past, emigrated from the eastward to the westward, is a known fact. That the tribes mentioned by Mr. Jones, who spoke the Welch tongue, may have done so, is much within the order of probability; and that a people called the Welch or White Indians now reside at or near the banks of the Missouri, I have not the least doubt of, having so often been assured of it by people who have traded in that river, and who could have no possible inducement to relate such a story, unless it had been founded in fact.

Since writing the above, a merchant from the Illinois country, and a person of reputation, is arrived in London. He assures me there is not the smallest doubt of a people existing on the western side of the Mississippi, called by the French the White bearded Indians, none of the natives of America wearing beards; that these people are really white; that they are said to consist of thirty-two villages or towns; are exceedingly civilized, and vastly attached to certain religious ceremonies; that a Mr. Ch., a merchant of reputation at the Illinois, has been to their country, which is, as he supposes, upwards of a thousand miles from the Illinois.

Having been prevented from calling on you as I intended, I now return you the pamphlet, and will, at any time you please, procure you a meeting with that gentleman.

Your's, &c.

J. J.

---

I have the satisfaction to add that I have met the above gentleman several times; that he confirms the latter part of this narrative; that Mr. Ch., is a near relation of his; that when Mr. Ch. was intro-

duced to the Chief of the Padouca nation, he was received with much solemnity, owing to his being of white complexion, and by which circumstance, as far as Mr. Ch. could understand by being amongst them, he was deemed an angel of God, his hands and feet being washed by order of the Chieftain, who appeared much advanced in years, his hair being long and perfectly white; that the people chiefly subsist by the produce of the chase; that the instruments they use on the occasion are generally bows and arrows; that the further he advanced from the frontiers, the different tribes he passed through were the more civilized; that he supposed the reason to be (which I am afraid is the case) owing to the continual encroachment made on their land by the white people in those parts contiguous to them.

The late transactions on the back frontiers of the United States of America, it is probable are owing to the same circumstance. It may be necessary to remark that the distance from the mouth of the Mississippi to the entrance of the Missouri into it, is about 1,200 miles; that the navigation of the Mississippi upwards is tedious and difficult, owing to the current continually running the same way, by which means the vessels employed on the occasion seldom make that distance in less than three months; a light boat, well-manned, however, might go from New Orleans to the Missouri in six weeks, and from Kentucky on the Ohio in less than three weeks, whereas on their return, the same distance is made in a few days; that the country bordering on those rivers is extremely fertile; that in very severe winters they are subject to frost, which is generally of short duration; that every article for the use of man grows almost spontaneously; that large numbers of buffaloes are taken; the hides and tallow of those animals, as well as deer-skins, beaver, &c. are carried down the Mississippi to New Orleans, from whence they are exported to different parts of Europe; that all sorts of timber and naval stores are to be had in abundance; that during the late war, had the Ministers or the public servants of the Crown of the country had its real interest at heart, they would, in preference of the business

of St. Eustatia, have taken possession of New Orleans, the key of the Mississippi, and by that means have opened the navigation of that river, which, in the hands of the mercantile genius of the British nation, would be opening a mine of wealth which would have filled the channels of commerce of this country. It would also have tended to another grand object—it would have afforded an asylum to the American Loyalists (with whom I have ever differed in political opinion), were they inclined really to relieve them, instead of sending them to the barren rocks of Nova Scotia, where they find it difficult to raise a common sized cabbage, where it is deemed a wonder to see a field of twelve acres abound with grass six inches long. In this it will be a pleasure to me to be controverted.

GRIFFITH WILLIAMS.

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No. VII.

*A Letter from Mr. Edward Williams. Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, Vol. ii. p. 613.*

ABOUT twenty years ago I became acquainted with a Mr. Binon, of Coyty, in the county of Glamorgan. He had been about thirty years absent from his native country, and during a great part of that time an Indian trader from Philadelphia. Being once with some friends in his company, and the Welch language being the subject of conversation, he told us that there was in North America a tribe of Welch Indians, who spoke the Welch language with much greater purity than we speak it in Wales. Indulging my natural inquisitive turn of mind, I desired him to favour me with an account of what he knew of those people, upon which he gave me the following information, *viz.* that about the year 1750, being one of a party of five or six traders, they penetrated much farther than usual into the remote parts of the continent, far beyond the Mississippi, where to their great surprise, they found a nation of Indians, who spoke the *Welch tongue*; they gave Mr. Binon a very *kind reception*, but were

*very suspicious of his English companions*, and took them for Spaniards or Frenchmen, with whom they seemed to be at war; but Mr. Binon soon removed their doubts, on which a friendly intercourse ensued.

Those Indians had iron amongst them, lived in stone-built villages and were better cloathed than other tribes. There were some ruinous buildings amongst them: one appeared like an old Welch castle; another like a ruined church, &c. They shewed Mr. Binon a MS. book, which they carefully kept, believing that it contained the mysteries of religion, and said, that it was not long since a man had been among them who understood it. This man (whom they esteemed a prophet) told them, they said, that a people would sometime visit them, and explain to them the mysteries contained in their book, which would make them completely happy! They very anxiously asked Mr. Binon if he understood it; and, being answered in the negative, appeared very sad, and earnestly desired him to send one to them who could explain it. After he and his fellow English travellers had been for some time amongst them, they departed, and were conducted by those friendly Indians for *many days through vast deserts*, and were *plentifully supplied* by them with a *profusion of provision*, which the woods afforded; and after they had been brought to a place they well knew, they parted with their numerous Indian guides, *who wept bitterly on their taking leave of them, and very urgently intreated Mr. Binon to send a person to them who could interpret their book*. On his arrival at Philadelphia, and relating the story, he found that the inhabitants of the Welch tract had some knowledge of these Indians; and that some Welchmen had before been amongst them.

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REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING.

Captain Cook found plenty of iron at Nootka Sound, that did not appear to be of European, Spanish, American, or Asiatic manufacture.



The Padoucas are in about 110 degrees west longitude, according to most maps; Nootka Sound is 125 west, according to Captain Meares; by whose discoveries it appears that those two Indian nations have an easy communication with each other by the straits of Juan de Fuca and the river Oregan, which appears to have been discovered as far as ten degrees at least, east of Nootka.

In Coxe's Description of Louisiana, &c. 1722, it is said, page 63 (see also p. 16), that the Baron La Hontan having traced the Missouri for eight hundred miles due west, found a vast lake, on which inhabited two or three great nations, much more civilized than other Indians; and says that out of this lake a great river disembogues itself into the South Sea.—*Query*—Does not this river seem to be the Oregan of Captain Meares?

Charlevoix, vol. ii. p. 225 of the English translation, mentions a great lake very far to the west of the Mississippi, *on the banks of which are a people resembling the French, with buttons on their cloaths, living in cities, and using horses in hunting the buffalo; that they are cloathed with the skins of that animal; but without any arms but the bow and arrow.*

Bossu, in his account of Louisiana, vol. i. page 182, says that he had been informed by the Indians of a nation of *cloathed people*, far to the westward of the Mississippi, who inhabited *great villages built with white stones, navigated in great piraguas on the great salt water lakes, and were governed by one grand despotic chief, who sent great armies into the field.*

It deserves attention that the Mactotatas of Charlevoix, and the Matocantes of Coxe seem to retain something of Madoc in their names.

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Bossu, page 393, observes that "Powel, an English writer, mentions in his History of Wales, that in the year 1170, there was a war in that country for the succession to the throne. A bastard

took the crown from the legitimate children: one of the latter, whose name was *Madoc*, embarked in order to make new discoveries. Directing his course to the westward, he came to a country, the fertility and beauty of which was amazing. As this country was without inhabitants, *Madoc* settled in it. *Hakluyt* assures us that he made two or three voyages to England to fetch inhabitants; who, upon the account he gave of that fine country, went to settle with him. The English believe that this Prince discovered *Virginia*. *Peter Martyr* seems to give a proof of it, when he says that the nations of *Virginia* and those of *Guatemala* celebrate the memory of one of their ancient heroes, whom they call *Madoc*. Several modern travellers have found ancient British words used by the North American nations. The celebrated Bishop *Nicholson* believes that the *Welch* language has formed a considerable part of the languages of the American nations. There are antiquarians who pretend that the Spaniards got their double or guttural *l* (*ll*) from the Americans, who, according to the English, must have got it from the Welch."

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No. VIII.

*An Outline of the History of the Madawgwys, by Mr. W. Owen. Gentleman's Magazine. 1791. Vol. i. p. 329.*

IN the year 1170, Madawg, a younger son of Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, observing a continual strife reign among his brethren for a scanty inheritance of barren rocks, determined to try his fortune in search of a more peaceful country. He accordingly fitted out two ships, and sailed westward, and discovered the southern shores of North America, as the event has proved. Leaving part of his followers there, he was enabled providentially to return to Europe; and on representing to his countrymen what had happened, so many of them were induced to share in his enterprize that in his second emigration, he sailed nearly in the same direction with ten ships, completely filled, but without being so fortunate as to fall in with them he had left behind in his first voyage. There are good grounds

to assert that Madawg, in this second voyage, fell in with the coast of the Carolinas; for the first discovery of the descendants of that emigration was made by the Rev. Mr. Morgan Jones, in 1685, who found them, or at least a part of them, up Pontigo river. In consequence of the European colonies spreading over that country, or for some other causes, they removed up the country to Kentucky, where evident traces of them have been lately found; such as the ruins of forts, millstones, earthen ware, &c. It is presumed that, as their situation was secluded, and not liable to be molested, they left it only in consequence of discovering a more inviting country; and none could be more so than where they finally settled. The centre of the country of the Madawgwys, and where their villages are most numerous, is about 38 degrees north latitude, and 102 degrees west longitude of London; but they extend (possibly in detached communities) from about 37 degrees north latitude, and 97 degrees west longitude, to 43 degrees north latitude, and 110 degrees west longitude. The general name of Cymry is not lost among them, though they call themselves Madawgwys, Madogiaid, Madagiaint, and Madogian; names of the same import, meaning the people of Madawg. Hence the French travellers in Louisiana have called them Padoucas, Matocantes, and other names bearing a similitude to what they call themselves, and by which they are known to the native Indians.—From the country of the Madawgwys some of the rivers run eastward, and others to the west: by the former they come into the Missouri, and so into the Mississippi, bringing with them skins, pickled buffalo-tongues, and other articles for traffic; and by the latter they have a communication with the Pacific ocean, from a great salt water lake in their country down the Oregon, or the great river of the west, through the straits of Juan de Fuca, and other openings. The character of these insulated Cambrians, who are a numerous people, is that they are very warlike; are more civilized than the Indians; live in large villages in houses built of stone; are commodiously clad; use horses in hunting. They have iron, of which they make tools, but have no fire-arms; and they

navigate the lake in large piraguas. Their government is on the feudal system, and their princes are considered as the direct descendants of Madawg.]

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## No. IX.

*A Letter concerning the Welch Indians by the Rev. Joshua Thomas, of Leominster, with additional Remarks by Mr. Williams.*

*Leominster, July 30, 1791.*

The Rev. Thomas Jones, of Nottage, in the county of Glamorgan, went to America in 1737. His son Samuel was then three years of age. He gave him a liberal education in Philadelphia, where he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He (Dr. Samuel Jones) wrote lately to the Rev. Mr. William Richards, of Lynn in Norfolk. In that letter he says, speaking of the Madocian Indians, "the finding of them would be one of the joyfulest things to me that could happen. I think I should immediately go among them, though I am now turned 55; and there are in America Welch preachers ready to set out to visit them as soon as the way to their country is discovered."

The Rev. Morgan Edwards, A. M. went over to Philadelphia in 1761. He is a native of Monmouthshire. ( In a letter I had from him, dated Newark, in Pennsylvania, July 15, 1786, he says, "in your book (*Hanes y Bedyddwyr*) you take notice of the Welch who emigrated with Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd to America in 1170. One Mr. John Filson has lately (1784) published a book intituled, *The Discovery, Settlement, and present State of Kentucky*; wherein, after mentioning the story of Madoc ap Owen, he has these words: "This account has several times drawn the attention of the world; but as no vestiges of them (the Welch) had then been found, it was concluded, perhaps too rashly, to be a fable, or at least that no remains of the colony existed; but of late the Western settlers have received frequent accounts of a nation at a great distance up the

Missouri (a branch of the Mississippi), in manners and appearance resembling other Indians, but speaking Welch, and retaining some ceremonies of the Christian worship; and at length this is universally believed to be a fact.] Captain Abraham Chaplain, of Kentucky, (a gentleman whose veracity may be depended upon) assured me that in the late war, being with his company in garrison in Kaskaski, some Indians came there, and, speaking the Welch language, were perfectly understood and conversed with, by two Welchmen in his company; and that they informed them of their situation as above.'—Thus far transcribed out of Mr. Filson's book.

Then Mr. M. Edwards proceeds:—"The said Missouri river is said to run a course of 3,000 miles before it falls into the Mississippi. Kentucky was discovered by one James M'Bride in 1754. Since the peace abundance of people have emigrated there. This country was certainly inhabited by white people many years ago, as appears by the remains of two regular fortifications, the plowing up of broken earthen ware, a pair of millstones, &c.; all which were unknown to the Indians. Mr. Filson ascribes them to the Welch, who removed from thence to the Missouri, as he supposes."—Thus far Mr. Morgan Edwards.]

As this is a new affair, or rather a subject long and deeply buried in oblivion, and of late thus raised up, I can say no more to it of any importance. I have heard some hints of Welch people being about the Mississippi about forty years ago, and some other hints of no use now, because I do not perfectly remember the particulars and authority of them.

I am, &c.

JOSHUA THOMAS.

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In addition to the above account of Mr. Thomas, I here add a passage from his "Hanes y Bedyd durgr," *i. e.* The History of the Baptists in Wales, mentioned above. In English thus:—"Many

authors mention this Welch nation (in America). The following words are in a letter from Mr. Reynold Howells to Mr. Miles, dated Philadelphia, 1752: "The Welch Indians are found out; they are situated on the west side of the great river Mississippi."

Mr. Owen and Mr. Williams had an opportunity lately of consulting Mr. William Prichard, bookseller and printer, of Philadelphia, who is now, or lately was in London, about the Welch Indians. He told them that he had often heard of them, and that they were, in Pennsylvania, universally believed to be very far westward of the Mississippi, and that he had often heard of people that had been amongst them; but the most particular account that he had received was what he heard within these very few years of Dr. Samuel Jones (who is mentioned in Mr. Joshua Thomas's letter). He knows now, he says, several in Pennsylvania who have been amongst those Indians; and is very active at present in that country in endeavouring to obtain all the information possible on this curious subject; and says that, if he should be but very little assisted, he would immediately visit these Welch tribes.

E. W.

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No. X.

*Information respecting the Welch Indians, obtained by two American Missionaries, in the Year 1766.*

In the year 1766, the Rev. Messrs. Beatty and Duffield were sent by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, to visit the inhabitants on the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and the Indians situated beyond them.\* Their errand to the former was to inquire what assistance they needed with respect to their religious concerns, in consequences of the distresses occasioned by the late war; and by visiting the latter, to examine whether they discovered any favourable disposition to receive the ministry of the Gospel.

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\*About 500 miles west of Philadelphia.

In the course of their journey they met with a *Benjamin Sutton*, a person who had been taken captive by the Indians, had been in different nations, and lived many years among them. From him they had the following relation:

"When he was with the Chactaw Nation or tribe of Indians, at the Mississippi river, he went to an Indian town, a very considerable distance from New Orleans, whose inhabitants were of different complexions, not so tawny as those of the other Indians, and who spoke Welch, / He said he saw a book among them, which he supposed was a Welch Bible, which they carefully kept wrapped up in a skin, but that they could not read it; and that he heard some of those Indians afterwards, in the Lower Shawanaugh town, speak Welch with one Lewis, a Welchman, captive there] This Welch tribe now live on the west-side of the Mississippi river, a great way above New-Orleans."

On the same journey they also met with a *Levi Hicks*, who had been captive with the Indians from his youth, and who assured them that when attending an embassy, he had been in a town of Indians on the west-side of the Mississippi river, the inhabitants of which talked Welch (as he was told, for he did not understand them): and their interpreter, *Joseph*, saw some Indians whom he supposed to be of the same tribe, who talked *Welch*, and repeated some of their words, which he knew to be Welch, as he had been acquainted with some Welch people.

Correspondent hereto (adds Mr. Beatty), I have been informed that many years ago, a clergyman went from Britain to Virginia, and having lived some time there, went from thence to South-Carolina; but either because the climate did not agree with him, or for some other reason, resolved to return to Virginia, and accordingly set out by land, accompanied with some other persons; but travelling through the back parts of the country, which was then very thinly inhabited, supposing very probably this was the nearest way, he

fell in with a party of Indian warriors, going to attack the inhabitants of Virginia, against whom they had declared war.

The Indians, upon examining the clergyman, and finding that he was going to Virginia, looked upon him and his companions as belonging to Virginia, and therefore took them all prisoners, and let them know they must die. The clergyman, in preparation for another world, went to prayer, and being a Welchman, prayed in the Welch language; possibly because this language was most familiar to him, or to prevent the Indians understanding him. One or more of the party of the Indians was surprised to hear him pray in their language. Upon this they spoke to him, and finding that he could understand their speech, they got the sentence of death reversed: and thus this happy circumstance was the means of saving his life.

They took him back with them into their country, where he found a tribe whose native language was Welch, though the dialect was a little different from his own, which he soon came to understand. They showed him a book, which he found to be the Bible, but which they could not read; and, if I mistake not, his ability to read it tended to raise their regard for him.

He stayed some time among them, and endeavoured to instruct them in the Christian religion. He at length proposed to go back to his own country, and return to them with some other teachers, who would be able to instruct them in their own language; to which proposal they consenting, he accordingly set out from thence, and arrived in Britain with full intention to return to them with some of his countrymen, in order to teach these Indians Christianity. But I was acquainted that, not long after his arrival, he was taken sick and died, which put an end to his schemes.

*Sutton* farther said that he observed some customs among the Delaware Indians resembling those of the Jews; and that from some of their aged men he had the following tradition:—That of old time their people were divided by a river, nine parts of ten passing over the river, and one part tarrying behind; that they knew not, certainly,



how they first came to this continent, but account thus for their settling where they now are: that a king of their nation, when they formerly lived far to the west, left his kingdom to his two sons; that the one making war upon the other, the latter determined to seek a new habitation, and accordingly set out with a number of his people; and that, after wandering to and fro for the space of forty years, they came to *Delaware* river, where they settled 370 years ago; that they kept an account of this by putting a black bead, every year since, on a piece of wampum kept for that purpose.\*

[Taken from a pamphlet entitled "The Journal of a Two Months' Tour, with a View of promoting Religion, &c. &c." By CHARLES BEATTY, A. M. London. 1768.]

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\*Dr. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia Christi Americana*, p. 8, quotes an author, whom he does not name, who says, "If we may credit any records besides the Holy Scripture, I know it might be said and proved well, that this new world was known, and partly inhabited by *Britain*, or by *Saxons*, from *England*, three or four hundred years before the *Spaniards* coming thither;" which assertion, the Doctor adds, is demonstrated from the discourses between the *Mexicans* and the *Spaniards* at their first arrival, and the Popish reliques, as well as *British* words and terms, which the *Spaniards* then found among the *Mexicans* as well as from undoubted passages, not only in other authors, but in the *British* annals also.

Dr. Mather after observing that mankind generally agree to give the honor of discovering America to *Columbus* adds, "And yet the story of *Columbus* himself must be corrected from the information of *De la Vega*, that one *Sanchez*, a native of *Helva*, in *Spain*, did before him find out these regions. He tells us that *Sanchez*, using to trade in a small vessel to the *Canaries*, was driven by a furious and tedious tempest over unto these western countries; and at his return he gave to *Colon*, or *Columbus*, an account of what he had seen, but soon after died of a disease he had got on his dangerous voyage." He further adds, "Indeed the two *Cabots*, father and son, under the commission of our King *Henry VII*, entering upon their generous undertakings in the year 1497, made further discoveries of America than either *Columbus* or *Vespucius*. Yea, since the *Cabots* made a discovery of this CONTINENT in 1497, and it was 1498 before *Columbus* discovered any part of the Continent, I know not why the *Spaniard* should go unrivalled in the claim of this new world."

## CONCLUSION

The reader has now before him all the information I have been able to collect on this curious and disputed subject; upon which I beg leave to offer a few remarks. It is difficult to suppose that historians and poets should have combined to impose on the world by a fabricated story of Madoc's emigration. It is admitted that the art of navigation was very imperfectly understood in the twelfth century; yet surely it is possible that the voyages here related might be performed.\* The idea of a western hemisphere might have occurred to Madoc's as well as to Columbus; and by the aid of such knowledge as mariners could then attain, he might be enabled to maintain a westerly course, provided he had sufficient courage to persevere in it.

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\*Since the above went to the press, the following communication has been received from a friend.

"It is much more improbable, that there should be no foundation for all the reports that have been made of Madoc's voyages, and the existence of Welch Indians in North America, than that an expedition should have been undertaken in the 12th century, similar to those which were repeatedly performed in the 15th. The mariner's compass was probably known at the former period; for it is described by a French poet, who wrote early in the 13th century: but the application of astronomy, which had been customary from remote antiquity, might have sufficed for a voyage to America with persons who had courage enough for the enterprise. Britain was at that time celebrated for its marine; and indeed had been so 600 years before. In the fleet which Richard I. equipped, in the year 1190, were more than 160 three-masted ships. Hence the expressions of Matthew, of Westminster, who wrote in the 14th century, need not be considered as very hyperbolic: "O England! thou wast lately equal to the ancient Chaldeans in power, prosperity, and glory. The ships of Tarahish could not be compared with thy ships, which brought thee spices, and every precious thing, from the four corners of the world." There were many sea-ports celebrated for commerce, and none more so than Bristol, at the period of Madoc's voyage; previous to which the Flemings had been settled by Henry I. in Pembrokeshire. It is probable that, from either of these places, Madoc might obtain sufficient assistance for the equipment of his vessels, if he needed it. For these and many other instances of the early maritime power of Britain, the reader may refer to Hackluyt's Voyages, and Dr. Henry's History.

That modern writers have concurred to discredit the whole account will not appear surprising, nor of much consequence, when it is considered that the age in which we live is remarkably prone to disregard the evidence of facts, to which any natural improbability is attributed. It is often the case that cavils arise from the ignorance of those who make them; and one of the objections that has been raised against the proofs of Madoc's expedition affords a striking instance of this truth. Amongst several Welch words that are said to be used by American Indians, is the name given to a well-known sea-fowl, the Penguin, which in the British language signifies *white head*. To oppose this argument, it has been confidently asserted that the Penguin is not an inhabitant of the northern hemisphere; although it is, in fact, the most common bird upon the coasts of North America. There is more semblance of force in the objection, that the Penguin's head is not white, but black. Yet as the rest of the bird, when it swims, appears of the latter color, and it has a white patch about the eye, it might be so called on that account: and this derivation is at least more likely than that which is substituted by the objectors."

The numerous testimonies of respectable persons, totally unconnected with each other, and who have actually conversed with the Welch Indians, can scarcely be questioned; for they could have no possible interest in the invention and propagation of a falsehood.

It is indeed somewhat remarkable that more pains have not been taken, by the inhabitants of the new or old world, to investigate a subject of so much curiosity and importance. The complete discovery of this nation may prove highly interesting. A new and extensive source of commerce may possibly be opened by a friendly intercourse with them; and, what is infinitely more important, we as Christians, may become the happy instruments of conveying to them the inestimable blessings of the Gospel of Christ.

Unaccountable and criminal supineness in this respect, is chargeable upon almost all Christian countries. The great command of our Saviour has been already forgotten—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Commendable diligence has been exerted in making geographical discoveries; and the mercantile world has not failed to extend its commercial efforts to the ends of the earth; but our infidelity has led us to undervalue the glorious Gospel at home, and to be careless about its universal spread. This conduct, however, is inexcusable, if, according to the opinion of the late celebrated Dr. Johnson, "to omit for a year, or for a day, the most efficacious methods of advancing Christianity is a crime of the greatest magnitude.\*" The recent formation of several societies in England, Scotland and America, for the purpose of sending Missionaries among the Heathen, must afford sincere pleasure to the genuine disciples of Christ; and I cannot but think that the Welch Indians have the strongest claim imaginable to the regard of those Societies. I indulge a hope that the existence of such a people will be established beyond a doubt, and that some effectual means will be devised to send Welch preachers among them.

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\*See a Letter on this subject in Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, vol. i. p. 385.

I have been credibly informed that in the year 1793, a Mr. John Evans, a native of Wales, who had resided some years in London, was strongly inclined to recognize his British brethren on the Missouri; and accordingly went to America. I know it to be a fact that, having obtained proper letters of recommendation, he left the house of Dr. Jones, near Philadelphia, early in the spring of that year, and set out upon his long journey through Kentucky, to the Mississippi. For a long season nothing was heard of him, and his friends began to fear that he had perished. But I have a letter from the Rev. Mr. D——, of Somersetshire, who received information from his son in America, that Mr. Evans had returned in safety, having fully accomplished the object of his journey. The following is an extract:

“He states, that a young Welchman is returned from a long journey which he had undertaken, with a view to discover whether such a people existed as the Welch Indians. He saith this person has discovered such a tribe, inhabiting the country west of the mouth of the Missouri about 700 miles; that they treated him with friendship and hospitality, and adopted him as their son. Their language is the old British, and he particularly noticed the common words to be the same as are now in use in Wales to describe the same objects; such as houses, light, windows, water, bread, &c. &c. The history these Indians give of themselves is this: That their ancestors came from a far country, and landed at the mouth of the Mississippi from thirteen ships, about the year of Christ 1018; there they built a town; but since that period their descendants have been falling back to their present residence.”

It is more than a year since I received this intelligence. I have made the most diligent inquiries concerning Mr. Evans, but have received no further information; but hope I soon shall, in answer to several letters sent to America. Should no certain information be received of or by Mr. Evans, I trust that the very strong probability of the existence of such a people, as evinced by the preceding papers,

will induce the Missionary Society, or some other body of Christians in England or America, to send a sufficient number of persons, properly informed and provided, fully to investigate a matter so replete with curiosity and importance.



## POSTSCRIPT

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**S**INCE the foregoing pages were sent to the press, I have procured Dr. Williams's pamphlet, entitled *An Inquiry into the Truth of the Tradition concerning the Discovery of America by Prince Madog ab Owen Gwynedd*, and which I had long sought for in vain, not knowing its proper title. To this tract, and another he has since published\*, I gladly refer the reader who wishes for further information concerning the Welch Indians. The Doctor appears to be a perfect master of the subject, and has bestowed much learned labour upon it. Most of the circumstances here related are contained in his pamphlets; the ancient historians and bards, who first recorded the exploits of Madog, are cited, and their characters defended. The author also largely answers the objections of Dr. Robertson, Lord Lyttleton and others, against their authority. From these publications I shall take the liberty of making the following extracts, tending to enlarge and confirm the testimonies already adduced.

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### No. XI.

*The First Discovery of the Welch Indians, by the Rev. Morgan Jones, in the Year 1660.*

"THESE presents may certify all persons whatever, that in the year 1660, being an inhabitant of Virginia, and Chaplain to Major General Bennet, of Mansoman County, the said Major Bennet and Sir William Berkeley sent two ships to Port Royal, now called South Carolina, which is sixty leagues to the southward of Capfsair, and I was sent therewith to be their minister. Upon the 8th of April we set out from Virginia, and arrived at the harbour's mouth of Port

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\*Entitled, *Further Observations on the Discovery of America by the Europeans. 1792.* Sold by White and Sons, Fleet-street; and J. Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

Royal the 19th of the same month, where we waited for the rest of the fleet that was to sail from Barbadoes and Bermuda with one Mr. West, who was to be Deputy Governor of the said place. As soon as the fleet came in, the smallest vessels that were with us sailed up the river to a place called the Oyster Point. There I continued about eight months, all which time being almost starved for want of provisions; I and five more travelled through the wilderness till we came to the Tuscorara country. There the Tuscorara Indians took us prisoners, because we told them that we were bound to Roanock. That night they carried us to their town, and shut us up close, to our no small dread. The next day they entered into a consultation about us, which, after it was over, their interpreter told us that we must prepare ourselves to die the next morning. Thereupon being very much dejected, and speaking to this effect in the British tongue, "Have I escaped so many dangers, and must I now be knocked on the head like a dog?" Then presently an Indian came to me, which afterwards appeared to be a war captain belonging to the Sachem of the Doegs (whose original, I find, must needs be from the old Britons), and took me up by the middle, and told me, in the British tongue, "I should not die;" and thereupon went to the Emperor of Tuscorara, and agreed for my ransom and the men that were with me. They then welcomed us to their town and entertained us very civilly and cordially four months; during which time I had the opportunity of conversing with them familiarly in the British language, and did preach to them three times a-week in the same language; and they would confer with me about any thing that was difficult therein: and at our departure they abundantly supplied us with whatever was necessary to our support and well-doing. They are settled upon Pontigo\* river, not far from Cape Atros. This is a brief recital of my travels among the Doeg Indians.

MORGAN JONES,

Son of John Jones, of Basaleg, near Newport, in the county of Monmouth.

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\**Pontigo* may be derived from the Welch *Pont y go*, The Smith's Bridge; or *Pant y go*, The Smith's Valley. *Doeg Indians* is probably a corruption of *Madog's Indians*.

P.S.—I am ready to conduct any Welchman, or others to the country.  
*New York, March 10, 1685-6.\**"

It can scarcely be doubted that Mr. Jones was the clergyman of whom Mr. Beatty had heard some imperfect account, and which we have related, page 23.

## No. XII.

### *The Testimony of Captain Isaac Stewart.*

Captain Stewart gave the following account, March 1782, and which was published in the *Public Advertiser*, Oct. 8, 1785. He was taken prisoner in the year 1764, by the Indians, about 50 miles west of Fort Pitt, and fortunately delivered from the cruelties suffered by his companions. Being redeemed from his captivity, which continued two years, he accompanied a Welchman and a Spaniard to the westward, crossing the Mississippi near Rouge, or Red River, up which they travelled 700 miles, when they found a nation of Indians remarkably white. The Welchman was determined to remain with them, because he understood their language, which differed but little from his own. The chief men of the town said that their ancestors came from a foreign country, and landed on the east side of the Mississippi, describing particularly the country now called Florida; and that on the Spaniards taking possession of Mexico, they fled to their then abode. And as a proof of the truth of what they advanced, he (the Welchman) brought forth rolls of parchment, which were carefully tied up in otters' skins, on which were large characters written with blue ink. Captain Stewart

\*This letter was sent or given to Dr. Lloyd, of Pennsylvania, by whom it was transmitted to Charles Llwyd, Esq. of Dol y fran, in Montgomeryshire; and afterwards to Dr. Plott, of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford; and inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1740, by the Rev. Theophilus Evans, who observes that several British words used by the Mexicans, when their country was discovered by the Spaniards, tend to confirm the truth of Madog's voyage: for instance, *Pengwyn*, White-head, the name not only of a bird, but of a high and bare rock; *Grosso*, Welcome; *Gwenddwr*, White or limpid water; *Bara*, Bread; *Tad*, Father; *Mam*, Mother; *Buch*, a Cow; *Clug-Jar*, a Partridge, &c. &c.



could not understand these characters, nor could the Welchman, as he could not read even his own language\*.

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### XIII.

#### *Testimonies of Various Traders, etc.*

Mr. Richard Burnell, a gentleman who went to America in 1753 and who has since returned informed Mr. Williams that during his residence in Philadelphia he became acquainted with many ancient Britons, who assured him that the Welch Indians were well known to many in that city; and that a Mr. Willin who obtained the grant of a large tract on the Mississippi took with him, among other settlers two Welchmen who perfectly understood the language of the Indians, and conversed with them for hours together.

These Welchmen assured Mr. Williams that the Indians spoke Welch; that some of them were settled in those parts (in the district of the Natches), others on the west side of the Mississippi, and some in very remote parts.

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Mr. Williams had an interview with Sir John Caldwell, Bart., who during the last war was stationed on the east side of the Mississippi, who said there were some Welchmen in his company who understood the language of the Indians (the Panis or Pawnees), which was Welch; *and that they are a people considerably civilized, living in houses, cultivating the ground, and brought up in habits of industry, which other Indians are strangers to.*

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Mr. Rimington, an Englishman, who had been among the Indians, informed Mr. Williams that, being at an Indian mart at

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\* It is possible that the MS Bible (if such it was) might be written in Greek characters as being thought more sacred; which accounts for the Captain not being able to read them, but the clergyman before alluded to is said to have recommended himself to the Indians by reading them; which is very probable.

the forks of the Ohio, some strange Indians came there from the west of the Mississippi, who were not understood by the Shawanese Indians; but one Jack Hughes, a Welchman, who was with Mr. Rimington understood them well, and was their interpreter while they staid. He immediately recognized them as the Welch Indians. Mr. Gibson, a trader, told Mr. Kennedy, a gentleman now in London, that he had been among the Indians who spoke Welch; and that he had conversed, at different times, with very many others, who assured him that there is such a people. The cultivation of their country, and the civilization of the people, is a matter of astonishment to the traders in general.

---

Dr. Williams also relates the particulars of a conversation between Mr. Owen and General Bowles, a Cherokee Chief, who was in London a few years ago. The General had travelled all along the southern boundary of the country inhabited by the Welch Indians, and abundantly confirmed the accounts we have already given of them. This is the conversation referred to in pages 8 and 9 of this pamphlet. -

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I shall only add, from Dr. Williams's interesting publications, some observations he makes in answer to the supposed impracticability of Madoc's voyage at so early a period as the year 1170. He observes that the maritime force of the Britons was very considerable in the days of Julius Caesar, and the reason of his invading this island was because the Britons resisted the Gauls by land and sea; that their naval power must have been very respectable when "Vincula dare Oceano," and "Britannos subjugare" were convertible terms. He also observes it is admitted that the Phoenicians and others sailed to Britain and other countries for tin and lead, and the Baltic Sea for amber; voyages which seem as difficult as Madog's, and a longer navigation. It was hardly possible for the Britons not

to learn how to navigate ships, when they saw it done by others\*. He admits that probably chance first threw Prince Madog on the American coast; and supposes that on his return to Wales (for he made two voyages) he might fall into the current which is said runs from the West India Islands northward to Cape Sable in Nova Scotia; where, interrupted by the land, it runs eastward toward Britain.

But I refer again to the Doctor's pamphlets, in which the reader will find a fund of entertainment, and, if I mistake not, very satisfactory proof of the voyages of Prince Madog, and the present existence of the Welch Indians in America. I cannot but unite with him in wishing that a subscription were opened for the purpose of sending proper persons to ascertain the fact, beyond the possibility of doubt; hoping that the discovery would lead to the most important and salutary ends.

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*April 10, 1797.*

The reader will recollect that a Mr. Evans set out in the year 1793, determined, if possible, to find out his Cambri-American brethren. I am happy to be able, in consequence of a letter I received yesterday from the Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Leominster, to give the public some further account of him and of his journey; from which it will appear, that Mr. D. was misinformed when he wrote to England (as mentioned page 14), "that John Evans had *fully* accomplished the object of his journey:" it may be hoped however, that he is in a fair way of so doing.

Mr. Thomas informs me that John Evans was born near Carnarvon; that he is the son of a Welch preacher, in connection with the Methodists; and that he is a young man of very good character, prudent, good-natured, and much inclined to travel. Mr. Morgan Rees, an intelligent person who went to America in the year 1794,

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\* In the ninth century Alfred the Great had a very formidable fleet.

has written to his friend at Bala, in Merionethshire, giving the following account of this adventurous traveller.

"John Evans is at last gone up the river Missouri, in quest of the Welch Indians. He was taken by the Spaniards, and imprisoned at St. Louis, on the Mississippi. By the intercession of a Welchman, living at that place, he was liberated. About that time Judge Turner came into the province of Cahokia and Kaskaskia, on the Mississippi, executing his office in the country N. W. of the Ohio. The Spanish Governor paid him a visit, and in conversation mentioned a John Evans, who thought to go up the Missouri; but added, that he had detained him till he could get further account of him and his design. Judge Turner, it seems, had previously heard something of John Evans, and requested the Governor to permit him to proceed on his journey; observing, that if he could not find out the people in view, yet his journey might prove a common benefit to the world. In consequence of this request, the Governor not only promised Mr. Evans permission to proceed, but to give him a letter of recommendation, written in Spanish, French, and English, to be presented as occasion might require; together with some articles that would be acceptable to the Indians he might meet with on his way. Judge Turner was also so obliging as to give him every needful instruction how to conduct himself among the Indians, with direction to keep a journal, &c. So that now he is more likely than ever to succeed. Before he returns he is to follow the Missouri up to the very spring-head; to visit the Volcano; and to bring proof, if he can, that he has touched upon the Pacific Ocean. He is then to receive 2,000 dollars of the Spanish Government.—Thus the Welchman, should he live to return, whether he succeed or not in discovering the Welch Indians, will obtain a comfortable support for his life, and his diary may probably be worth a very considerable sum."

The Editor only adds, that he will thankfully receive any communications on this subject from Wales, America, or any other part of the world; and intends to communicate to the public the interesting intelligence he may be favoured with. He also holds himself in readiness to assist, as far as he may be able, in furthering any attempt for the discovering, civilizing, or Christianizing the Welch Indians.

F I N I S.

41  
VOL. 20

No. 3



THE  
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WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 79



A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN . . . . . *Sir Roger De Coverly (1775)*

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REPRINTED

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1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions of the Board of Directors of the Corporation.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various positions of the Board of Directors of the Corporation.

## EDITOR'S PREFACE

**O**UR present Extra is one of a sort not before represented in our Series—a very rare tract on the Tory side of the question of England's right to tax the colonies. It was written by Jonathan Sewall (1728—96) a Harvard graduate and Boston lawyer, who “inclined to the patriotic side until chagrined by the refusal of the State to pay the debts left by his uncle (Chief Justice Stephen Sewall 1704-1760—) “and by the opposition of the Otises to his petition. No lawyer in the State surpassed him in eloquence or acuteness. He was esteemed one of the ablest writers in New England, and defended the doctrines of Coercion with force and learning in the Tory newspapers,” and was rewarded by the British government with lucrative appointments, but in 1775 was forced to leave his native country for England, and in 1779 his estate was confiscated. His last years were spent in St. John, New Brunswick. As the pamphlet was printed in Boston in 1775, but without either author's or printer's name, it is probably the last thing printed from his pen. It is very rare—the only copy sold in many years brought \$40 in 1918.

Though all the arguments, advanced by his hero, Parson Sharp, have been refuted by history, the tract is very well written, and not a great deal of imagination is required to visualize the scene in the tavern, “over a friendly tankard and pipe” with the Parson's six less-educated companions, who gradually draw out of the conversation, allow him to do most of the talking, and are finally converted by his presentation of his side of the case. Anyone who has ever seen the “taproom” of an old New England tavern will agree that the story of the meeting offers an excellent opportunity for the brush of a historical painter.



A  
CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.  
OR  
A M U S E M E N T  
FOR  
A WINTER'S EVENING;  
Being the Substance of a Conversation on the Times, over  
A FRIENDLY TANKARD AND PIPE.

B E T W E E N

SHARP,.....A Country Parson  
BUMPER,.....A Country Justice  
FILLPOT,.....An Inn-keeper  
GRAVEAIRS,.....A Deacon  
TRIM,.....A Barber  
BRIM,.....A Quaker  
PUFF,.....A late Representative

Taken in short Hand by

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY

(JONATHAN SEWALL)

Omne tulit Punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

H O R A C E

A M E R I C A:

Printed and sold in the Year MDCCLXXV.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

REPRINTED

WILLIAM ABBATT

1922

BEING EXTRA NUMBER 79 OF THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

2010-2011

2010-2011

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C        U        R        E  
F O R   T H E  
S P L E E N, &c.

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*Enter Sharp and Bumper.*

*Sharp*

**Y**OUR servant squire *Bumper*, pray walk in; how do you do?

*Bump.* In pretty good health, I thank you sir; how is it with yourself and madam?

*Sharp.* We're moving about, tollerably well, for old folks; pray sit down.

*Bump.* Thank you sir, [*sits down*] very fine weather for the season.

*Sharp.* Yes, we have had a very favorable winter hitherto; and have great cause for thankfulness.

*Bump.* Aye, as you say sir, we ought to be thankful for a little, and that's the way to get more, as the saying is—he! he! he! Excuse my joking a little, you know it is my way, sir—hem!

*Sharp.* Oh, I love a joke; but we may enjoy many favors of a kind providence, and we ought not to be ungrateful squire; we have a very plentiful year for every thing except cyder; that indeed has fallen short.

*Bump.* Why aye, as you say sir, we have but precious little cyder this year—this puts me in mind of your tankard—he! he!

he! Excuse my boldness, but I am somewhat thirsty; and a drop of your old pomona to moisten the clay, as the saying is; and then a pipe of *Mc. Intire's* best; and then we'll settle the nation, ha! ha! ha!

*Sharp.* With all my heart.—Tony; a tankard of cyder, and pipes and tobacco here, quick; and take the squire's hat and cane.

*Enter to them Fillpot, Graveairs and Trim.*

*Sharp.* Your servant gentlemen, pray sit down; how do you do, deacon?

*Grave.* I thank you revd sir, this cough has not quite left me yet,—h—hugh—h—hugh—h—hugh—tho' thro' mercy, it is much better,—h—hugh—h—hugh.

*Sharp.* I'm glad to hear it. How do you do landlord?

*Fill.* As well as I can these hard times sir.

*Sharp.* Hard times! Why surely you've no reason to complain, landlord.

*Fill.* Why no sir, I don't complain; that is, on my own account—but then our public affairs, you know sir, we must think a little about them.

*Sharp.* I believe if we mind every one his own business, and leave the affairs of the state to the conduct of wiser heads, we shall soon be convinced that we are a happy people.

*Trim.* Excuse me there revd sir, saving your presence why; sir, if I was deny'd the privilege of my shop to canvass politicks, as a body may say, that is *Lord North*, East-India company, constitution, charter rights and privileges, duties, taxes and the like of that, body o'me sir, strip me of this darling privilege, and you may e'en take my razors, soap, combs and all, and set fire to my shop.—Why sir, I remember the time when every man minded his own business, as *you* say, and then my customers were in such a con-

founded hurry, that if they could not be shav'd in a twinkling, without loss of time, they'd go to meeting with their beards hanging down to the waistbands of their breeches, and I must lose their custom; but now sir, if forty come in together, and all in the most feezing hurry, I have nothing to do but to souse plump into a descendant upon the times, and in the snap of a finger every man is as patient and still as any blockhead in my shop—*arrectis auribus*, they sit gaping, with solemn unmeaning phiz's—every one listens with silent attention to me, and forgets his beard, until I am pleased to dissolve the charm by closing my discourse: I tell them how I would trim *Lord North*, and have the Lords and Commons (excepting the dissentients) the East-India Company, Gov. *Bernard* Gov. *Hutchinson*, &c. over head and ears in the *suds*, if I could get at them; and then I rattle away upon grievances, opposition, rebellion and so on, only for the innocent purpose of supporting the credit of my shop. Pray sir, if you have any compassion for poor *Trim*, for heaven's sake don't preach up that old fashioned doctrine of every one's minding his own business; for if you do, I must decamp, and seek a living in some town where I can find a more orthodox minister. Would you please to be shaved sir?

*Sharp*. Why really neighbor *Trim*, you prove the truth of your doctrine, by making me an example of the force of your eloquence; amazed at your harrangue, I had entirely forgot your business as to shave me: come sit down.

*Trim*. Non tanto me dignor honore, domine; I know my place too well to sit down before yourself, and his worship here.

*Bump*. Come, come, sit down Mr. *Trim*; and pray no more of your lingo, 'till Mr. *Sharp* recollects the cyder, because it will grow flat by standing, he! he! he! Excuse me revd sir.

*Sharp*. I beg your pardon squire—my service to you. [*drinks*].

*Bump*. Deacon my service to you—[*drinks*.]—Choice cyder upon my honor—but I am afraid it won't come round again—mum!



*Sharp.* Never fear squire, we'll replenish the tankard when it's out—there's plenty in the cellar—pray drink, deacon.

*Grave.* Revd sir, here's towards your good health [*drinks.*] mighty fine cyder, truly.

*Enter to them Brim and Puff.*

*Sharp.* How do you do, friend Brim?

*Brim.* I thank thee friend *Sharp*, in pretty good health; how is it with thee and thy family?

*Sharp.* Pretty well I thank you. Your servant Mr. *Puff*: Pray be seated gentlemen. Come, we are all smoakers, I think, except Mr. *Trim*, and it is what the seamen call a leward evening; let us enjoy a social pipe; and I suppose neighbor *Trim*, you will have patience to tarry an hour, if you can be indulg'd with a dish of politicks.

*Trim.* O, by all means sir, I'm in no hurry—but as for politicks I can do well enough without them here, provided always that you don't banish them from my shop; for there they are a part of my trade; at least, they are the *Causa sine qua non* of my custom; and a trade in *theory* without the *practical* part, will go but little way towards keeping the pot boiling.

*Brim.* Verily, friend *Trim*, thou art arch today—why I have often heard thee holding forth to thy customers, with such energy and apparent zeal, against British tyranny and oppression, that I was verily persuaded thou wast infected with the epidemical frenzy of the times; but now I find thou wast only cunningly working at thy trade forsooth—truly thou art a very wag.

*Trim.* Aye friend *Brim*, all trades have their mysteries, and one half the world live by the follies of the other half.

*Puff.* But pray Mr. *Trim*, are you such a *tory* as to turn all our grievances into scorn and derision, and only pretend to be a friend to your country, for the sake of a living?

*Trim.* Why, between you and I and the post, Mr. *Puff*, I believe *you*, when you would be a representative, and *Trim* the barber, when he would get and keep good custom, act upon much the same principles with ninety nine in a hundred of the most flaming, patriotic Sons of Liberty. Interest is the word! But I claim the *exclusive* right of preaching *myself*, only in *my own shop*; every where else, I had much rather be a hearer of my good minister Mr. *Sharp*—therefore you must excuse me from entering the lists here, unless it be now and then a word or so, by way of marginal note: And upon the word of an honest shaver or trimmer, or call me what you please, I'd shave or trim you all round for nothing, if I could but hear you settle intelligibly what is a whig, and what a tory—what is constitution, and what are charter rights and privileges—what is the obedience due from an American Englishman, to the King and Parliament of Great-Britain, and what are our grievances; for by the mother that bore me, and by the father (if I ever had one) who begot me, I do solemnly affirm, friend *Brim*, that notwithstanding all I have *heard*, and the still greater all I have *preached* upon this subject, I am ignorant of the essential difference (if there is any) between a *true whig* and an *honest tory*. I know nothing in our constitution by which we can claim any privileges which are deny'd us. I have never heard of any obedience, demanded by the King and Parliament, which I can in conscience withhold; and I have no more idea of the grievances which for the sake of my custom, I am oblig'd to join in complaining of, than I have of the political disputes in the moon; though I believe they are pretty much alike, because ours, I can safely swear, favor strong of *lunacy*.

*Brim.* Friend *Trim*, in good truth, thou speakest like an oracle—I would thou and I could hear these matters discuss'd.

*Fill.* I say, amen—for I hear them talk'd about and about every day, and many a good mug of flip do I sell upon the same account, and that's all I get by it; for, burn my barroom, if I understand a word of the pudden:

*Bump.* I don't know where Mr. *Trim* got his learning, but, in his Majesty's name I do solemnly declare, that in my judgment no mere man, since the days of *Coke* upon *Littleton*, could in so few words have express'd more upon the subject than he has done; and I heartily second his motion—provided always, that we first light our pipes, after having previously put about the tankard—Once before you fill, and twice before you light says the proverb—You know revd sir—he! he! he! hem! excuse me—sir my service to you.

*Puff.* Hem! he! hem! I cannot for the life of me comprehend how it is possible for a man of Mr. *Trim's* good natural sense, to be so egregiously mistaken in his notions of our constitutional rights and privileges as he seems to be; why, Mr. speaker!—I beg pardon—gentlemen, I mean—but no matter—let that slip—I ask pardon gentlemen—but as I was saying—for him to say as this here—to wit—that there is no difference between a *whig* and a *tory*—why what a dickens are we contending about, if so be as how this here was the case—a fine case truly—why has not Lord *North* and Lord *Hillsboro* and that *George Greenville* stript us of all our constitutional charter rights and privileges—the birth-right of Englishmen, which our pious fore-fathers purchased with their blood and treasure when they came over into this waste howling wilderness—and has not Lord *Chatham* and Mr. *Pitt* and Lord *Cambden*, and—and—and—Lord what d'ye call 'em—it's immaterial about their names—I say please your honors—gentlemen, I mean—'ask pardon; have not these great and good men stood up for our rights and privileges against the tyrannical designs of the corrupt ministry and House of Commons—and now, for to tell me that there is no difference between a *whig* and a *tory*—and for a man to say as how our constitution isn't taken away—and that we've no grievances, and the like of that—I say, in my humble opinion, he is an *enemy to his country*—just as if every man did not know what constitution is—and whether we had any grievances, and so forth; why Mr. *Trim* may talk his Latin stuff if he pleases, with his *Causis sino qua no*, and such like—

I know some Latin as well as he; and I say he's an *ignoramus*, if so be he talks at this rate—I hope in mercy we shall have no bloodshed; but I swagger, (I ask pardon for swearing) but I snore, before I'd give up our just rights and privileges I'd take my gun, and load and fire and pull trigger like the nation and fight up to the knees in blood—but I wont put myself in a passion—I ask pardon gentlemen—By your leave sir, I'll make bold to take a drink of your cyder. Gentlemen, all your healths.

*Trim.* I believe Mr. *Puff* it is with you pretty much as it is with your humble servant, you can preach best in *your own shop*; but as *your shop* as well as *mine* happens to be *shut up* at this present writing, I fancy we both should save credit by leaving it to others to discuss these knotty points; for I have frankly confess'd my ignorance; and if you follow my example, it will positively be your shortest way out of the labyrinth in which you seem to be bewildered—*sat verbum sapienti.*

*Puff.* None of your unmanly reflections Mr. *Trim.* I suppose you think I don't understand *Greek.*

*Brim.* Friend *Trim*, I like thee and thy discourse, well—thy motion is good, and thy humour pleaseth my mind; and I do verily believe a calm debate upon these matters, interlarded with thy pithy marginal notes, would tend greatly to our edification.

*Trim.* I believe so too; and by my aunt *Tabitha's* muff, I protest good Mr. *Puff*, that I had no design to offend you in any thing I have said; and if I have offended, I ask pardon, and that's the satisfaction of a gentleman; and now I hope we shall verify the old proverb, *Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.*

*Puff.* Well, well, no more of your French jabbering—I'm not a man to hold anger, tho' I say it—but howsomever I say again, rather than tamely give up my rights and privileges, I would fight to the last drop of—

*Trim.* Cyder.

*Bump.* Ha! ha! ha! well put in *Trim*—here's your good health Mr. *Puff*.

*Grave.* Upon my word gentlemen, these are no laughing matters—h—hugh—as Mr.—h—hugh—*Puff* has very well observed, all our charter rights and privileges are torn from us and we are made slaves, and the Lord send us deliverance—h—hugh—h—hugh—h—hugh.

*Sharp.* Don't you carry matters rather too far, deacon? You certainly view our public affairs through a gloomy deceitful medium; you say *all* our charter rights and privileges are torn from us—and that we are *slaves*. Pray consider, don't you sit quietly under your own vine and under your own fig tree? Don't you enjoy full liberty of conscience in religious matters? Don't you reap without interruption the fruit of your own labours? Does any one meddle with your person or property? Are you overburdened with taxes? Compare your situation with that of any other people under heaven: Turn your eyes to your brother Englishmen in Great-Britain—see with what taxes and duties they are burdened—and you will find you enjoy liberty, freedom and ease in a degree so far superior to them, that if you have the least spark of gratitude in your bosom, you will be so far from murmuring and complaining, like the grumbling, rebellious Jews of old, that you will exclaim, with the most grateful effusion of soul, "The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places. Yea, we have a goodly heritage."

*Trim.* Or with the poet,

*O fortunatos, nimium, sua si bona norint,  
Americanus!*

That is to say, Mr. *Puff*, *How happy are Americans, if they did but know it!*

*Sharp.* The truth is, and it is a melancholly truth, we have been lifted up to heaven in privileges, and now like the chosen people of old, we spurn at the hand that raised and has hitherto sustained us: Our king has planted us in a land flowing with milk and honey,

and has driven out the Canaanites from before us, and left us no thorn in our side—and now we vauntingly and ungratefully say, who shall be Lord over us? The description given of the Jews by Mr. *Dryden*, fits us, so very nearly, that I cannot help repeating it—

“The Jews, a head-strong, moody, murm’ring race,  
As ever try’d th’ extent and stretch of grace;  
God’s pamper’d people, whom, debauch’d with ease,  
No *king* could *govern*, and no *God* could *please*;  
(Gods they had try’d of every shape and size,  
That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise:)  
These *Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,  
Began to dream they wanted *liberty*;  
And when no rule, no precedent was found,  
Of men, by laws less circumscrib’d and bound;  
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,  
And thought that all but Savages were slaves.  
Those very Jews, who at their very best,  
Their humour, more than loyalty, exprest;  
Now wonder’d why, so long, they had obey’d  
An idol monarch which their hands had made;  
Thought they might ruin him they could create,  
Or melt him to that golden calf, a state.  
But these were random bolts”——

*Puff.* But pray revd sir, have the Parliament any right to make laws for us? And isn’t this a grievance?

*Fill.* Aye, there was a Boston minister, and another gentleman, lodged at our house last night, and they talk’d a great deal about this very thing, and made it out as clear as the sun at noon-day, that the Parliament have no such right; tho’ I did not understand them—but I know they argued very powerfully, and proved that we ought to resist. However, I don’t like taking up arms neither, that I must own.

*Trim.* No, no, let you alone for that; if we come to gun-powder and cold iron, I'll be shot if you a'n't found intrench'd in your bar, behind a tier of case-bottles, loaded with good cherry stingo.

*Brim.* Prithee friend *Trim* restrain thy wit a little—I would gladly hear friend *Sharp* discourse upon this authority of Parliament; I plainly perceive that the minds of friend *Graveairs*, and friend *Puff*, and friend *Fillpot* stand in need of enlightning—and friend *Sharp* seems to be moved to become a light to their feet and a lamp to their paths.

*Trim.* *Tace*, is the Latin for a candle—I am dumb. *Perge Domine reverende.*

*Sharp.* I have no objection against delivering my opinion freely upon this question, I can appeal to you all as my vouchers, that I have never cloak'd my sentiments, or conform'd outwardly to popular prejudices, as too many of my reverend brethren have done; and I wish I could not add with truth, that too many of them, instead of inculcating the peaceable principles of the gospel, have by their prayers, sermons and examples encouraged sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion; and stimulated their hearers, to every evil work—witness the late impious fast—an unparallel'd piece of solemn mockery, shocking to every serious mind—for what can be conceived more horrible than to beseech the fountain of truth and justice to espouse and abet the cause of robbery and injustice, by imploring of him a miraculous interposition for the removal of grievances brought upon the metropolis by a most highhanded robbery, plunder and destruction of their neighbor's property, and continued only by an obstinate refusal to make that restitution which the laws of justice, equity and good conscience loudly demand? Sorry I am that such a heaven-daring farce should originate with ministers—I am grieved that so many of our sacred order should, by this and other parts of their conduct, have discovered such a disposition to increase instead of curing our popular distractions.

*Trim.* Nothing new sir, I remember to have read of priests in days of yore, that they were,

—————"Well vers'd of old,  
In godly faction, and in treason bold,  
For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race,  
If once dominion they could found in grace?  
These lead the path, tho' not of surest scent,  
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government."

And *Lilly's* grammar ranks them with beasts and robbers,—  
"*Bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos.*"——No offence to you sir.

*Sharp.* Hold, hold neighbor *Trim*, you are not to take liberties with my cloth because I do myself. But to proceed—In considering this question of the right of Parliament to make laws to bind us, I shall observe the distinction made by Mr. *Pitt*, Mr. *Dickinson*, Mr. *Wilkes*, Mr. *Otis*, and all other advocates for the rights of the Colonies, between *legislation* and *taxation*—they say there must necessarily be a supreme power, lodg'd somewhere, of governing and regulating the trade of the Colonies; and this is in the King, Lords and Commons of Great-Britain, but that this does not extend to *internal taxes*, tho' it includes the right of laying *duties* on such articles of trade as they allow us to import, if we choose to import them—and upon this distinction was founded our opposition to the unhappy stamp-act—we then acknowledged the authority of Parliament, in its full extent, excepting only in the matter of *internal taxation*; tho' it is very true we have since been daily growing wiser and wiser, 'till at length we openly avow principles of *absolute independency*, and deny that the Parliament of Great-Britain have any more *rightful authority* over us, than the Parliament of Paris, or the divan of *Constantinople*. And the grand argument in support of this new doctrine is, that our *charter* is a *compact* between the king and our ancestors, by which the *sole* power of legislation is given forever to our general assembly. And in answer to this it is said, that it never was in the *power* of the King to put any British subjects out of the jurisdiction of Parliament,



and therefore, if he had given such a charter, it would be void; but it is said further, that it is not true in fact; for that no such grant of a supreme, independant, uncontrollable power of legislation is, or ever was contained in the charter. Now if such a power be convey'd by the charter, it is either *expressed* or *implied*—that it is not *expressed* is too clear to be deny'd—and therefore it must be *implied*, or it is not convey'd by the charter, but is merely imaginary. This is a question of the highest importance to every man who has got a head, or any property to save or to lose; for the principle, if wrong, leads directly to *treason* and *rebellion*; to which we are hastening with a rapidity which I greatly fear will soon plunge us headlong in irretrievable ruin, unless we are stopped in our career. In order to a right understanding of this important matter, it is necessary to go back and consider how the case stood before, at, and ever since the time of our receiving the charter:—And from this view we shall also perceive whether the present claim of Parliament is new, as many ignorantly suppose, or whether it was made openly and expressly, before the grant of the charter, and has ever since been uniformly exercised by them, and acknowledged by us. To satisfy myself in this matter, I have made a journey to Boston, on purpose to see the statutes at large; and I find the case to be thus: In 1650, an act of Parliament was made for blocking up the ports of *Barbados*, *Virginia*, *Bermudas* and *Antigua*, in which the supreme authority of Parliament over all the Colonies is most clearly and expressly claimed, and it is declared “that they are, and ought to be, subordinate to, and dependant upon England; and have, ever since the planting thereof, been, and ought to be subject to such laws, orders and regulations as are, or shall be made by the Parliament of England.—*Any letters patent, or other authority formerly granted or given, to the contrary notwithstanding.*” This was during the protectorship of *Oliver Cromwell*.

*Trim.* That same *Oliver Cromwell* was a huge Son of liberty, as I take it.

*Brim.* Yea verily, so huge that he never left, 'till he had got the whole liberty of the nation into his own hands; and bequeathed it all to Charles the second, as a recompence for taking off the head of his father, only for desiring his share of it: But Charles the son being a very different man from Oliver, return'd the nation their liberty.

*Sharp.* In 1663, under the reign of King *Charles* the second, was passed *An act for the encouragement of trade*—in which is this very remarkable clause—“And in regard his majesty’s plantations beyond the seas are inhabited and peopled by his *subjects* of this *kingdom of England*; for the maintaining a greater correspondence and kindness between them, and keeping them in a *firmer dependance* upon it, and rendering them yet more beneficial and advantageous unto it, in the further employment and increase of English shipping and seamen, vent of English woollen and other manufactures and commodities, rendering the navigation to and from the same, more safe and cheap, and making this kingdom a staple, not only of the commodities of those plantations, but also of the commodities of other countries and places, for the supplying of them; and it being the usage of other nations to keep their plantation-trade to themselves:” &c. Our charter was granted by King *William* and Queen *Mary*, in 1692, which impowers the general-court to make laws “so as the same be not repugnant or contrary to the laws of the realm of England.” And in 1696, during the same glorious reign, an act of Parliament was made extending all the acts of trade to the Colonies, and requiring all governors and commanders in chief “to take a solemn oath to do their utmost, that all the clauses, matters and things contained in that and former acts of Parliament, relating to the colonies and plantations be punctually and *bona fide* observed.” And it is therein expressly enacted, “That all laws, by-laws, usages and customs, at this time, or which hereafter shall be in practice, or endeavored or pretended to be in force or practice, in any of the said plantations, which are in any wise repugnant to the before-

mentioned laws or any of them, so far as they do relate to the said plantations, or any of them, or which are any ways repugnant to this present act, or to any other law hereafter to be made in this kingdom, so far as such shall relate to and mention the said plantations, are illegal, null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever." Thus it appears that two and forty years before the grant of our charter, the jurisdiction of Parliament over us, was openly and explicitly claimed; and again, twenty-nine years before; and then in the charter itself, this supreme jurisdiction is expressly reserved; and four years after it is again confirmed in the most positive terms, and all governors bound by an oath to see it submitted to. Now, when we consider this claim, openly and repeatedly made, before, at, and immediately after the granting and accepting of the charter, if the charter can be view'd in the light of a *compact*, is not this evidently one essential article of the agreement, on our part, namely, that we will acknowledge and submit to the jurisdiction of Parliament? It is plain we accepted the charter under this condition. How then can this, with the least color of truth, be called a *new* claim? Especially, when this right of Parliament has not only been thus amply *claimed*, but has been all along *exercised*, in various instances, and without any opposition, denial or question on our part—and this I find to be the case in fact—for from the time of our charter, in every reign, acts of Parliament have been continually making, imposing duties, and for regulating the trade, manufactures and internal government and police of this and the other Colonies;— thus duties have been imposed and paid upon sugar, rum, molasses, coffee, wines, &c. and on the other hand, bounties and premiums have been granted on various articles; the trade of hatters, and the manufacture of iron, by slitting mills, has been regulated and restrained—wool prohibited from being waterborne—the post-office erected—the rates of coin established—the cutting of pine trees prohibited—lands made liable to the payment of debts—the statute of wills extended to the Colonies—the paper currency restrained—indentured servants impowered to enlist—troops

raised here made subject to the articles of war—acts of assembly made void—and in divers other instances has this supreme right of Parliament been exercised and acquiesced in, continually, without interruption, from the usurpation of *Oliver Cromwell* to the reign of *George* the third.

*Trim.* GOD bless his majesty.

*Sharp.* Amen—And yet such is the infatuation, that people seem to be rushing into open rebellion upon a supposition, that the Parliament of England are setting up a new, and unheard of claim, in order to enslave a whole people, for whom they have ever discover'd a parental fondness, and whose liberties and happiness are most intimately connected and interwoven with their own.

*Trim.* O tempora! O mores!

*Sharp.* From the foregoing view of the matter, if attended to, every unprejudiced man must be convinced that an exclusive, supreme power of legislation is so far from being convey'd to our assembly by *implication*, that on the contrary, their subordination to the supreme legislative authority of the British Parliament is most strongly and clearly implied in the charter, and has been repeatedly and expressly claimed and exercised by Parliament, and tacitly acknowledged and quietly submitted to by us, for at least a hundred and twenty-four years last past, and consequently whatever argument may be against the claim, this of its being *new*, must fall to the ground.

*Fill.* Well I do protest sir, I'd given as good a mug of brandy-flip as I could make, that you had been at our house last night, to argue with that Boston minister and t'other man; for I don't believe they know one word of all this; because they declared as how the parliament never thought of making laws for us before that *George Greenville* put it into their heads; and how it was right against our charter, and such like—why if they'd known of these acts of Parliament you have been telling of, they couldn't have talk'd so.

*Trim.* Split me neighbor *Fillpot*, if I believe you'll ever be hanged for witchcraft, or had any hand in the plot;—why man they know 'em all, as well as I know that my political preachments to my shallow-pated customers, are all stuff'd with catch-penny lies, but I suppose it is a part of *their trade* as well as of *mine*—heaven forgive us all.

*Grave.* I must confess revd sir, I never understood so much of this matter before, and truly if there are such acts of Parliament as you have been mentioning, it alters the case very much h—hugh—h—hugh, in my opinion.

*Bump.* If there are! Oh, you may take my word for that, deacon, it's a long time since I read 'em, but I remember them perfectly, now Mr. *Sharp* puts me in mind of 'em.—Gentlemen, your healths.

*Trim.* I hope, please your worship, the Parliament won't lay a tax upon *cyder*.

*Bump.* Ha! ha! ha! you're a merry wag, you trim close, but you shan't spoil my draught—come, here's t'ye old cock—I can take a joke.

*Trim.* Aye, and swallow it too, by jingo.

*Puff.* As for that matter, revd sir, if so be, the acts of Parliament be as you tell of, and our charter is such a kind of a compact as you seem to suppose, why I'm free to own, that I don't see so much reason to complain; but then how can that be? For I'm sure Mr. \*\*\*\*\* told the house, last sessions as how the tea act was an ent'ring wedge, contrived by Lord *North*, to enslave all the colonies, and Col. \*\*\*\*\* said as much. What is your opinion of the tea act, sir?

*Sharp.* My opinion is this: Before the late tea act was made, no tea could be shipped to America, unless the merchants first paid a duty of *one shilling* sterling a pound; and this duty was paid *in England*, and the merchant took the risque of its ever reaching

America. This made tea so dear that the Dutch could greatly undersell the English East India company; and the American merchants, at least some of them, found their account in purchasing tea of the Dutch, and running it here; wherefore to enable the English to sell as cheap as the Dutch, the Parliament took off *nine pence* of the duty, and left only *three pence*; and this is not paid before the tea arrives safe here, but must be paid by the merchant before it is landed. And with the same view, they by another act enabled the East India company to sell their tea by wholesale, at public auction, in Boston; by this means, if we did not foolishly oppose it, instead of paying from a dollar to eight shillings a pound for tea, we might have it at two pistareens, or half a dollar, at most.

*Trim.* This is a mighty grievance truly; who would not fight rather than be deprived of the liberty of paying treble price for what they buy?

*Sharp.* But the grievance complain'd of lies here. This act laying the three penny duty on tea, expressly mentions, among other purposes, the *raising a revenue*: This, say we, is taking money out of our pockets without our consent; and it is argued that if they may do it in this trifling instance, they may do it in all others; and will go on till they leave us nothing. Upon which I would observe, in the first place, that it is not true that this is taking money out of our pockets without our consent; because we are not *compell'd* to buy; and if we *will* buy, the small pittance which we pay for the duty we pay with our own *consent*, as much as we do any money which we pay for any commodity we buy. The same might as well be said, when we buy a quart of rum, or a dram, for when we pay for it we pay our proportion of the duty laid by act of Parliament on molasses. This we have done a long time, and never found out that it was a *grievance*, or that we were thereby made *slaves*—but the consequence is false and absurd; for it can never follow that because we submit to a *reasonable* law, therefore we must be call'd to submit to the most *tyrannical, unjust and unreasonable* laws. And what is the

danger from this law, any more than from other revenue laws to which we have so long submitted? Those laws have all along, in fact, *raised a revenue*; and because this is mentioned in the act, can this possibly alter the case? Yes, say our patriots, this is claiming a right to tax us; but I deny it; for as I have clearly shown, this is no other claim than has been made, exercised and submitted to, for more than a century: It is essentially different from *taxing* us; for a *tax* is raised by *compulsion*, whether we will or no; but this is a *regulation of trade*, by which, though it *may* raise a *revenue*, and is *designed* for this purpose, yet no man can be *compell'd* to pay any part of it; and if he does, it is his own voluntary act, as much as when he chooses to drink wine or rum, rather than cyder, or to wear English cloth rather than homespun; and they are doing no service to their country who thus absurdly place *tax acts* and *revenue laws* upon the same footing, and infer a right of *taxation*, from a right of *legislation* in other respects. But further, The tea act, as it is called, was made in the seventh year of the present reign; and the preamble, which I took a copy of, runs thus, "Whereas it is expedient that a *revenue* should be raised in your Majesty's dominions in America, for making a more certain and adequate provision for defraying the charge of the administration of justice, and the support of civil government, in such provinces where it shall be found necessary, and towards further defraying the expenses of defending, protecting and securing the said dominions."——Now it is generally supposed that this *express purpose of raising a revenue* in the Colonies, is entirely new and unprecedented; but to show that this is a mistake, I will read you a copy of the preamble to an act passed in the fourth year of this reign, which is thus, "Whereas it is expedient that new provisions and regulations should be established for improving the *revenue* of this kingdom, and for extending and securing the navigation and commerce between Great-Britain and your Majesty's dominions in America, which by the peace have been so happily enlarged: And whereas it is just and necessary that a *revenue* be *raised* in your Majesty's said dominions in America, for defraying

the expenses of defending, protecting and securing the same," &c. and then the act goes on to lay duties on sugars, wines, East-India goods, &c. imported from Great-Britain &c. This act has been, and still is, submitted to without the least complaint. Now I should be glad to know what difference there is between these two preambles, so far as respects the matter of *raising a revenue*.

*Trim.* Six of one, and half a dozen of t'other, that's all.

*Sharp.* Nay, so long ago as the year 1670, in an act made for regulating the plantation trade, one reason expressly assign'd is, that otherwise "the trade of them would, in a great measure be diverted from England, and carried elsewhere, and his Majesty's customs and *revenues* much *lessened*." In short, every *revenue act* is, in the nature of it, *an act for raising a revenue*, whether it be so expressed or not; and it is trifling at this time of day, to start an objection, which does not carry the force even of a quibble. If it be said that the money raised by this act is misapplied, because our civil officers are paid out of it, I answer, this is a distinct matter: The monies raised by this, and all other revenue acts, are, and for more than a century have been, paid into his Majesty's exchequer; and if, when there, instead of being applied towards easing British subjects in their taxes, as formerly, they are now applied for our ease, by paying the salaries of our governor, judges, &c. which otherwise, we must pay by an internal tax on our polls and estates, it seems as if we could have no reason to complain of this as a grievance: However, even though the money when raised was never so grossly *misapplied*, it would by no means affect the legality and constitutional right of *raising* it; these are matters quite distinct and independant of each other.

*Puff.* But pray sir, for if I am wrong I am willing to be set right, I would make bold to ask yourself, whether you don't believe the Parliament have made an act to tax our lands five shillings sterling an acre, or that they will very soon make it?



*Fill.* Indeed sir, I do assure you, the Boston minister declared it had actually passed the House of Commons, though the King had not sign'd it; and, more than all that, he told how it was a deep plot to get away all our lands; for he said they knew as how we would never submit to it, and then it would be called high treason, and then General Gage was to take all our lands and cut them into lordships, and divide them among the new counsellors.

*Trim.* Slice me like a lemmon, landlord *Fillpot*, if I would not undertake, for one nippikin, to make you believe, *nolens volens*, that larks may be catch'd by the sky's falling, or, by putting salt on their tails; or that the Pope of Rome, or *man* of sin, is a real painted *whore*, of the feminine gender; or, that the moon is made of green cheese—why,

“You make me think you are that tool,

“Which knaves do work with, call'd a fool.”

Pray Mr. Sagacity, don't you believe there is an act of Parliament laying a duty of fifty pounds sterling upon every marriage; and another fifty pounds upon every child born in lawful wedlock; and another giving fifty pounds bounty upon every murder of a bastard child, provided always, any thing in the said act to the contrary notwithstanding, that such child be not above the age of two years; tell me honestly my host, don't you, in your conscience firmly believe these quaint improbabilities?

*Fill.* Why you may laugh if you please, because as how you've got a glib tongue; but I'm ready to take my corporal oath, that the Boston minister, just after he'd been to prayer with my family, solemnly declared there was such an act actually past, and that he had seen it, and read it too, more than that; but I never saw it.

*Puff.* Well, if you havn't, I have; but howsomever, that last part, about murder, *staggers* me for all all.

*Brim.* And well it may, friend *Puff*; and verily, thy understanding must be firm and *solid*, or thou must needs have *stumbled* at the *threshold*; for I affirm, should an act be passed, containing

only the first clause of this *bastard act*, I should be weak enough to renounce all my peaceable principles, and putting my trust in an arm of flesh, should join in trying the strength and temper of carnal weapons; but friend *Sharp* will lighten thy darkness, and, if possible, fine down the dregs of friend *Fillpot's* understanding.

*Trim.* If he can, I'll be sworn he's an adept at refining; and I would advise neighbor *Fillpot*, after that, to let some of his liquors undergo the same operation; for, as I'm a sinner, it is like host, like wines; both *cloudy*, not to say *muddy*.

*Bump.* That's the barber, *positivo*;—here's t'ye, honest *Trim*.

*Fill.* Why your tongue's no slander, *Trim*, and so I shan't resent it; but every body knows my wine *must* be good, for I have my Madeira of 'squire \*\*\*\*, and my Fayal of deacon \*\*\*\*\*'s son in law there, I forget his name, and so it can't be *thick*; and so there you're out for once.

*Trim.* That's what the learned call a *non sequitur*; for by the same kind of argument you may prove your skull is not *thick*; for there nobody will dispute the character of the *Maker*; and yet, I'll be cut up into fiddle-cases, if the world don't agree that it is too *thick*,—but Mr. *Sharp's* pipe is lighted—*Attendamus*.

*Sharp.* When I first read that pretended act of Parliament for discouraging marriages, and making it lawful to murder poor innocent bastard children, I supposed it was designed only as a witty piece of banter, without any mischievous intention; and little did I think, notwithstanding the general infatuation, that a single man could be found weak enough to believe it was a real act of Parliament; but to my astonishment, I find there are some, though I hope, for the honor of the country, they are but few, who like gudgeons have swallowed the bait, without perceiving the hook, though it lies so bare; and it seems in vain to attempt undeceiving such, for they can have no understanding of their own to apply to, or at best they have not the free use and exercise of it; so that it is

like talking upon colors to a blind man, or upon sounds, or any other subject, to a deaf man; there can be no absurdity too gross for such simple credulous persons to be taken in with, provided it is convey'd through the *right channel*.

*Fill.* Why sir, the Boston minister told how it was exactly fitted to answer the wicked corrupt design of the ministry, which was to prevent *poculation*.

*Brim.* Thou wouldest say *population*, I conclude, friend *Fillpot*.

*Trim.* \* \* \* \* \*

*Grave.* Pho! pshaw! Mr. *Trim*, I wonder at you h—hugh hem, you make me smile, but indeed you are naughty—fie! fie—h—m.

*Bump.* As I am one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, *Trim* you are a good jolly companion; and the old grave coachman here loves the smack of the whip; come deacon, here's t'ye, ha! ha! ha! h—a! here it goes.

*Sharp.* The man who forged the act we are speaking of, has been guilty of such an unprecedented insult upon the wisdom and integrity of the King and Parliament, and upon the understandings of Americans; and it now appears to be done with so wicked a design of stirring up the people to open rebellion, that if he could be detected, I can hardly think of a punishment that could be call'd unjust or severe; for what effusion of human blood—what extensive and shocking miseries is that man chargeable with, who by wicked arts involves a country in rebellion! The report, so industriously spread, of a *land tax*, is another malicious falshood of the same kind, calculated and reading to produce the same horrid, mischievous effects. There is not the slightest reason to suppose the King or any member of the House of Lords or House of Commons, have had the least thought of laying any sort of tax on our lands; or of laying upon us or our estates any internal tax of any kind whatever; but it is trump'd up here, to deceive and mislead the ignorant country

people, and betray them into such acts as must end in the loss of life and estate.

*Puff.* Why do you really believe all this, sir?

*Sharp.* As firmly as I believe that I must hereafter give an account of all my words and actions, to that all-seeing judge, who knows my heart, and cannot be deceived, and will not be mocked.

*Grav.* I am dreadfully afraid we have been deceived; but who could have thought mankind could be so wicked.

*Brim.* Why verily, friend *Graveairs*, had'st thou but made use of thine own understanding, instead of blindly following those filthy sons of Belial, whose very existence depends upon the confusion of their country, thou wouldest not now marvel at what friend *Sharp* has been conveying to thy mind.

*Puff.* But pray, revd sir, we have some grievances, certainly, why there's the governor's and judges' salaries—and then there's the alteration of our council and juries—pray sir a'nt this taking away our charter?

*Sharp.* That the new method of appointing the council is an alteration of that part of our charter is true, and that the new regulation respecting jurors is different from that prescribed by our province law is also true, but that these are *grievances*, may well be questioned.—The English constitution has ever been thought by the wisest men of all nations, the best form of government in the whole world—and if so, these two alterations in our constitution are so far from being *grievous*, that they are *benefits*, because they bring us nearer to *perfection*—for our jurors are now to be chosen in the same manner they are in England; and our council being now made independent of the governor and people, and removeable only by the King, as the Governor is, brings them to a much nearer resemblance to the House of Lords; and besides, both council and juries are now upon exactly the same footing as they are in New-Hampshire, New-York and all the southern governments, and in all the West-

India Islands, so that if this makes us *slaves*, all those other governments, as well as England, are, and ever have been, slaves—and the same may be observed of the King's paying his governor and judges, for the case is just the same in all King's governments; and in England likewise, so far as respects the judges—and if we look back to former times, and consider how our council was situated.—

*Trim.* Like a turnip between two trenchers.

*Sharp.* Liable annually to be displac'd, either by the *Governor* or the *House*, if they offended either, and how miserably our judges have been paid, and how dependent they also were upon both the Governor and the House, we must see the wisdom of both these alterations; and when we are cool, I doubt not we shall highly approve of, and rejoice in them: And as to juries, the same privilege of being *tried* by our *countrymen*, is left to us—and the method of choosing them is such as long experience has proved to be the best; and not attended with any dangerous consequences.

*Puff.* Well, don't you think sir, these things were brought about by enemies to the country, among ourselves?

*Sharp.* No, it is our own imprudent conduct has shown the King and Parliament the necessity of these alterations, and they have done it for our good.

*Puff.* Why there's the Quebec bill; don't you think they intend to bring in Popery? For the Boston minister said as how they did; and that every man that wouldn't turn Papist, was to lose his land.

*Sharp.* That Boston minister, as well as some others, I'm sorry to say it, has much to answer for—he knows better—the Quebec bill can no more affect our civil or religious liberties than the laws of Holland can,—what Parliament has done is no more than they were bound to do, by every rule of equity and common justice—The Canadians surrendered their country to his Britannic Majesty upon express condition, among others, that they should enjoy the

free exercise of their religion; and to this end, that they should have a Roman-Catholic bishop, to be approved of by the King of England—this was one article of the capitulation, expressly agreed to by the general to whom they surrendered—this engagement is now confirm'd by Parliament, and this is all—now it is plain, they are entitled to the enjoyment of their religion, according to the full extent and meaning of this agreement, or their country ought to be restored to them—and if the English government intended to comply with their terms of capitulation, ought they not to give them the fullest assurance of it, by confirming them by an act? Surely, if Parliament is to be blamed for any thing, it should seem to be rather, that they have not quieted the minds of the Canadians by giving them this assurance before—for we must remember that their religion is as dear to them as ours is to us, and they have the same right to worship God in the way they think right, that we claim for ourselves—they have prejudices of education to bias them, as we have; and they have their own natural understandings, and their priests to guide them as we have; and they have an equal right with us to the benefit of the gospel rule, “Do to others as ye would they should do unto you.” And we should do well to remember that “with what measure we meet, it shall be measured unto us again.—In short, the only principles upon which Parliament can be arraigned in this instance, are entirely destructive of all liberty of conscience; and in point of common justice, and the faith of nations, they can be found fault with, only upon the malevolent, unjust, diabolical position, which, God forbid Protestants should ever adopt, that no faith is ever to be kept with hereticks. As to the danger arising to our religion from this act, it is a mere bugbear, raised to disturb weak minds; for nothing can be more egregiously absurd than to infer that because the King and Parliament from the plain dictates of justice and humanity have comply'd with their most solemn treaty made by their general, and upon the faith of which an extensive country has been surrendered to them, that therefore the King intends to violate his coronation oath, and break thro' the condition

upon which he holds his crown; and that the Lords and Commons, collected from all parts of England, are joining in this impolitic, iniquitous, foolish design. Let us turn the tables, and make the present case of the Canadians, our own.—Suppose the King of France had conquer'd New England, at the time the King of England conquer'd Canada; and we had capitulated upon condition that we should enjoy our own religion, and choose our own ministers, as we had done from the first settlement of the country to this time; and the French general had agreed to this, as general Amherst did to their terms; and we had remained ever since under the French government; and when the King of France and his Parliament had confirmed this treaty by a law; and the province of Canada should make a clamour, and say the King of France, being governed by his mistresses, intended to introduce the Protestant religion among them: I ask every unprejudiced man whether he would not think and say, the Canadians were the most jealous, unreasonable and unjust people under heaven?—I will venture to answer, yes, for every Englishman upon the continent.—and are our clamours less unreasonable than theirs would be under similar circumstances? Certainly with what judgment we should judge them, we ought to be judged—but further, whence arises the mighty danger? The act of Parliament grants no new liberty; it only confirms what they have enjoy'd for eleven or twelve years, since the conquest, and for a century before; and has Popery spread or prevail'd in any degree in the other Colonies during that time—or has our religion suffered from the prevalency of that of the Roman Catholics in *Virginia*, for many years past—surely people must feel but little of the power and influence of their religion, who fear any danger arising to it, from the bare *toleration* of any *other religion* in any *other part* of the globe. In short, it is plain, beyond a possibility of doubt, that this innocent and just act of Parliament is greedily catch'd at, by your deceivers, as a lucky prop to a cause which has no foundation but in delusion; and consequently, is in danger of falling every moment—they have persuaded you that the two grand objects for which men

in society will fight, if they ever fight, are now at stake, viz. *religion*—and *property*.

*Trim.* Aye, *pro aris et focis*—that's now the watch-word, not that I believe they'll *fight* for them, without better proof of their being in *danger*.—Our people *talk* too much to *fight*, your true fighting fellows are always pretty silent—they talk little, and pay it off in thinking.

*Bump.* I'll forfeit my commission if there's any fighting, 'till there's better cause for it—fighting forsooth! Why what should they fight for? Do they feel any grievance yet? Are any taxes demanded of them? Does any body meddle with their lands? Are the pulpits shut up? Are their Bibles taken from them? Are they restrained of their liberty to go and come, and do as they please? Are their wives ravish'd or their daughters?

*Trim.* Ha! ha! ha!—Whiz.

*Bump.* What do they feel? What do they see? What do they hear, but idle tales? Don't they say and do as they please? And isn't this a proof of the mildness of the government? Talk of liberty—why, in the name of wonder, what is liberty if this isn't? They say and do as they will, and get what they can, and keep what they get, and go to church, or stay at home, as they list; they swear and drink, and lie and whore and cheat, and rob, and pull down houses, and tar and feather, and play the devil in every shape, just as the devil and their own inclinations lead them; and yet they cry out for liberty; what the deuce would they have, or what would they be at? Why too much liberty has made them so raving mad, that they can't distinguish liberty from slavery; fighting! I say fighting—a fiddle-stick's end—these are not your fellows for fighting; they'll run upon the first fire, if they wait for that.

*Sharp.* Indeed, they don't well consider what they talk of, when they talk of fighting the King's troops; they don't sit down first and count the costs; they don't consider that they are entering



the lists with a power which is more than a match for all the other powers of Europe; they don't consider the horrors of a civil war; the terrible attendants even on a successful rebellion; much less, the fatal consequences of an unsuccessful, forceable opposition to their lawful sovereign and his lawful authority. England is a powerful state by sea, superior to all the rest of the world combined; she can block up all our harbors, and prevent all foreign imports, and cut off all communications between the Colonies by sea; by this means we may at once be cut off from all supplies of cloathing, grain, *rum*, sugar, molasses, *salt*, ammunition, fish, and every article of foreign trade, either for our own necessary consumption or for re-exportation; the shipping of the province may all be made lawful prize, and every sea-port town be laid in ruins.—By land, with a very few regiments, she may cut off all intercourse between town and town, and go on to lay waste and utterly destroy our houses, barns, fields, cattle, grain and stock of all kinds, until a body can assemble who shall dare to face them in the field. And here arises to our view innumerable difficulties not yet attended to: Our wives and children must be secured; our estates deserted; provisions, arms, ammunition, camp-equipage and other necessities of war must be provided; leaders skill'd in the art of war must be found; and if we think we have any such among us, what a vast proportion of them will, before the crisis comes on, declare for the loyal side; and what numbers, must we be sure, will follow them when we reflect, that this is a country of *property* and consider what will be the certain consequences of a defeat: For the punishment of open traitors and rebels is not, and cannot be, governed by any certain rules of law, but is inflicted summarily according to the exigence of the times; and what these consequences must be, it is shocking to humanity to consider: Suppose a battle, and numbers slain and the rest put to flight; what multitudes must be sacrificed in the subsequent pursuit; what numbers taken prisoners, impaled and gibbeted from unavoidable necessity; and what then becomes of their wives and helpless innocent children; and of the aged and infirm; for then it will

be impossible to make those distinctions which humanity would wish for, but one general calamity must involve the innocent, if such there are, with the guilty—but suppose by a lucky accident, a body of the King's forces should be worsted, how long would it be before they would appear again with an irresistible force, and with a resentment that would mark the whole country with desolation and misery; imagine to yourselves, an individual head of a family, mortally wounded in battle, but lingering in the pangs of death—what would be his bitter reflections, and how would he condemn his own rashness and folly in that awful interval; in some such plaintive moans as these, may we well suppose, he would breathe out his life—"What have I done, foolish man that I was—why did I blindly rush upon certain ruin—now that my passions are cooled, and reason, alas! too late, has resumed her seat, all those imaginary grievances disappear—I now die a traitor and rebel by the laws of my country—my estate is forfeited—my affectionate wife and our innocent babes, the sweet pledges of our loves—how have I, who ought to have been their guide and protector—how have I left them friendless, forlorn, destitute of the means of procuring daily bread—to what hardships, dangers and distresses have I abandoned them—O my God, how shall I look up in this hour of torture—take them, O take them under thy protection—for they are innocent of the heavy crime that now weighs down the soul of their unhappy husband and father."

*Trim.* I wonder what makes my eyes water so—I believe it grows late.

*Brim.* Verily friend *Trim*, thy humanity is more pleasing than even thy sprightly humour—thou needst not be ashamed of thy weakness in this case—that silent tear, drop'd over the picture of thy distress'd country, does thee an honor which kings might envy, but could not confer.

*Sharp.* Such are the miseries to which this poor, unhappily deluded people are hastening apace; and all to save those liberties, which their own foolish credulity, and the wicked arts of their de-

signing leaders, have misrepresented to their heated imaginations as being in danger; and which, heaven knows, how soon they may lose in good earnest, if they go on in their mad career; well is it said, that rebellion is like the sin of witchcraft, for in both cases the minds of men are entirely actuated by such a spirit as renders them proper *demoniacs*; otherwise it would be morally impossible, that they should throw up lives and fortunes, merely because they fear they are in danger of losing a few of those rights, which no people under heaven either do or wish to enjoy—and without which, I may add, we should have been much happier, had we never fancied ourselves entitled to them.

*Puff.* But, with submission revd sir, has not the grand Continental Congress, in their wisdom, adopted the Suffolk resolves, and called upon us *to extend our views to the most unhappy events, and be IN ALL RESPECTS prepared for every contingency?* And what is this but preparing for civil war?

*Sharp.* They have advised to this and many other extraordinary steps; but that they have done it in their *wisdom*, is, I confess, more than I can see.

*Trim.* We read of a kind of *wisdom* which is *foolishness*; and if the measures of our *august Congress* can be said to be *wise*, I believe it must be in some such *figurative sense*.

*Sharp.* I never was so painfully deceived in my expectations, in any instance, as I have been in this of the conduct of the Congress; I comforted myself with the most sanguine hopes that they would adopt such prudent measures as might tend to bring about an accommodation of all our unhappy disputes: but instead of this, they have blown up a spark, which was but kindling, into a raging conflagration. Their *resolves* are nothing short of *high treason*; their *association* is an open declaration of *hostilities*, partaking so equally of *wickedness* and *folly*, that it is hard to say which is its prevailing characteristic; it recommends robbery to the whole continent; it is calculated to reduce thousands of families to poverty and ruin;

it tends directly to quarreling, fightings and murders; it is a scheme, in the fixed nature of things, impossible to be executed; it must render us contemptible in the eyes of Britons, a reproach, a laughing-stock and a bye-word, among all civilized nations. Their addresses are a jargon of contradictions and absurdities; *Britons* and *Canadians* must smile with ineffable contempt. at so gross an imposition upon their understandings. In short, every step they have taken has been just the reverse of what it ought to have been, and in my opinion, they have remov'd us infinitely further from peace and happiness than we should have been, had a Congress never been thought on.

*Brim.* To my understanding, it appears in a clear light that all our public measures in Congresses, town meetings, body-meetings, and delegate-meetings, have tended, instead of mending matters, to make bad worse; they have all partook of one and the same evil spirit; government, without which mankind cannot live in society, has been overturned and trampled on—magistrates insulted, abused and driven from their habitations—the courts of justice violently shut up—individuals persecuted and buffeted and their property destroyed, merely for exercising the right of private judgment—high treason and rebellion stalk through the land at noon day—and civil war is openly talked of, with a blind, enthusiastic zeal, equal to that which in former days crowded friend *Whitefield's* lectures. But if such measures procure a redress of grievances, as the cant phrase is, it must be because the nature of things is changed, and the same causes produce effects contrary to those they have ever before produced.

*Bump.* Fiddle faddle, 'tis all stuff and nonsense; *redress of grievances* is but the decoy set up to catch the ignorant and unwary. The leaders aim at an independency on Great-Britain, in order to become themselves the tyrants of the Colonies. And, if GOD in judgment for our ingratitude and folly, should give us up to our own heart's desire, we should soon see *high and mighty states*, like

those of Holland, or swarms of *petty princes* like those of Germany, whose little fingers would be thicker than the loins of King, Lords and Commons; who would trample on the liberties and tread on the necks of this infatuated people; would chastize them with scorpions, and their portion would be the curse of Ham, to become the servant of servants; a long scene of war and bloodshed would despoil and depopulate this fertile, happy country; 'till some more fortunate villain would rise superior to his comrades, and become alone the lordly tyrant over this now free people. It is enough to make a wise man mad to see how tamely the common people suffer themselves to be fooled, first out of their senses, and then out of their *liberty, property, and lives*. Let a *mountebank*, who has fled from justice for *blasphemy, treason and rebellion* in another province, set himself up *here* for a *patriot*, forsooth, and they will stand gaping like idiots, and let him take all their teeth out of their heads. Tell them thro' the channel of a seditious news-paper the most improbable tale about grievances, and they believe it more firmly than they will those many parts of Holy Writ which enjoin submission to rulers, as a Christian duty. Let one of their demagogues but hint that some hundreds of persons of the greatest property in the province—who were born here—whose families are here—whose estates are here—whose characters in public and private life they have long known, proved and adored, are all at once become enemies to their country, to their friends, to their neighbors, to their families, to themselves and to God, and they instantly fall upon them with a savage barbarity which the uncivilized, unchristianized Indians never exercised towards the invaders of their peaceful retreats. Tell them the Parliament of Great Britain may be made to tremble at the threats of an American Congress, and they believe it; tell them the veteran troops of that potent kingdom will fly before an undisciplined multitude of New-England squirrel-hunters, and they will swallow it without a hiccough; and each hero in his chimney corner kills his dozen, and crows victorious; tell them all communication is cut off between Boston and the country, and down it goes,

though they go there every day to market and return without molestation; tell them, though our trade and our seaport towns should be all destroyed, it would do us no hurt; that, if they beat their ploughshares into swords, and their crowbars into gun-barrels, and go all to training, nevertheless their lands without tilling will produce sufficient for themselves and all the inhabitants of the sea-port towns, and they believe it most seriously; tell them a duty of a *three pence* upon tea is more a grievance than a duty of a *shilling*, and they believe it; tell them what would be high treason in England is no crime at all in America, and on they go, blindfold, to the open commission of it, with the same devotion that they go to meeting to hear the same comfortable doctrine preached:—In short there is no absurdity too great for their swallows, or too hard for their stomachs, if it does but come from the right books, and through the proper channel. And as they believe, so they practice. How silly has been their behavior all over the province; two thousand assembled at Great-Barrington—as many more at Springfield; three thousand at Worcester, and four thousand at Cambridge; besides other formidable bodies Eastward and Southward; all with halters about their necks; and for what? Why truly, to prevent four unarmed judges from holding a provincial, constitutional, charter court of justice; and to compel one, two, or at most three counsellors, appointed by the King, to resign their seats at the board, which seats they either had never accepted, or if they had, their resignations were void and of no effect. Other bodies of wiseacres have assembled, in warlike array, for the heroic purpose of compelling an aged, infirm, justice, who had sign'd an address; to *recant*; that is, to set his name to an infamous lie fabricated, in general, if they have been truly retailed in the news-papers, by heroes in their *cups*, incapable of spelling or reasoning. And in those instances where the devoted victims have either secreted themselves, or had resolution enough to appear and refuse, like Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, to fall down and worship the *brazen* image, some have been deny'd the common rights of humanity; such as having corn ground for the

daily bread of themselves and families; others the common privileges and conveniences of society, such as employing laborers for hire, to reap, mow, thresh, &c. nay the very dumb beasts of some have been deny'd the common rights of nature; an instance of this kind happened in the country of Middlesex, where an unfortunate addresser having a cow, sent her over to his neighbor, a deacon, who was the owner of a bull, and to whom he had, for some years, sent all his cows in the like exigencies; but the pious deacon, animated with a holy zeal against Lord *North* and Gov. *Hutchinson*, warmed with the steams of *modern patriotism*, and free from the infirmity of *universal benevolence*, swore *his* bull should not bull a *tory* cow.

*Trim.* I fancy the deacon was well stricken in years.

*Bump.* In all parts of the province, we have seen instances of this egregious folly of the mob, in compelling addressers to Gov. *Hutchinson*, and to his present Excellency Gen. *Gage*, to recant; just as if such forced recantations could persuade the world that such addressers did *not* address! The actors in these-tragi-comi farcical scenes have no meaning at all; in them it is all the effect of rum and flip. Their abettors mean to make administration believe that we are all of one mind; but their folly is glaring; a band of highway robbers might as well make the world believe that they and the persons robb'd are all of a mind, by obliging them, when in their power, to sign a confession that they consented to the robbery. People have been gulled, imposed on, and misled long enough; it is high time for them to look about them; the night is far spent, the day is at hand—the day of reckoning—the day when the friends and foes, the liege subjects and the rebels and traitors, to George the third, must be distinguished. And however speciously the leaders may flatter their blind followers with hopes of success in their opposition, by publishing *extracts of letters from England*, they may assure themselves there is not the least reason to suppose that Parliament will not support their authority, even to the ruin of the present generation, in this and all the other Colonies, if it can't be established

at a less expence. And it is as certain that *submission* is required only to save the *honor* of government; they never intend to tax us; they don't wish to enslave us; they abhor the thought; they want us to be happy and free; but no, we forsooth, must quarrel for a *shadow*, under a moral certainty of losing the *substance* in the contest. The people are told by their oracles that if they give way now, their chains are riveted, and such kind of trumpery; but if they would but open their eyes, they might see that this is mere delusion; let them try the experiment of submitting; and if all their grievances are not redress'd, they may as well take up the cudgels, one or two or ten years hence, as now. They will have hands and guns *then* as well as *now*; and the deuce is in it, if they don't think their wives, their children, their estates and their necks, worth *trying* to save. Some tell them they have been *guilty of treason already*, they have *put their hands to the plough*, and it's too late to look back. This is the language of vile seducers; but it is never too late in this world to repent; and the sooner the better; they have a gracious King to deal with and a Parliament of Britons, who know the value of civil and religious liberty, and can make all due allowances for the sudden extravagancies of Englishmen, when first impressed with the fear of losing it; but it must be remembered that the obstinate perseverance of incorrigible offenders will put a period to the long suffering even of the Deity. I think I can perceive, that the eyes of many begin to open; I heartily wish they may attain a full view of their danger, before the door of mercy is shut. But I ask pardon, revd sir, for breaking in upon your discourse, and interrupting it so long; the distresses coming upon my country, through the wicked machinations of mock patriots lie uppermost in my mind; and when I enter upon the subject, I know not where to stop. But I have done.—

*Sharp.* Indeed Squire, there needs no apology; you have deliver'd my sentiments in much better terms than I can pretend to. The subject as you observe, is of the greatest moment; and happy will it be, if you, by your conversation, and I by my preaching, can



awaken our neighbors and friends to serious consideration, before it be too late.

*Trim.* Well, I'm determin'd to drop my shop preachments, or else, for the future, to take the right side of the question, and discharge my conscience, whatever becomes of my custom.

*Grave.* I verily fear we are all wrong, and the sooner we turn about, the better for the country.

*Puff.* I profess, I'm of the same mind; I begin to see things in a different light from what I did. Indeed I never liked the high proceedings of the provincial Congress; this affair of seizing the King's monies, and taking the militia out of the hands of the governor, I could never see through; it is against the King's prerogative, and sounds too much like treason; and I'm resolved not to go to the next, if I am chosen.

*Fill.* I desire to be thankful I've had nothing to do with these matters, and don't intend to; I'll mind my own business and that's enough for me.

*Trim.* Bravo, neighbor *Fillpot*—stick to that, and you'll do well enough—I'll be sworn your business will never fail, 'till all the ports upon the continent are blocked up. And as to you, neighbor *Puff*, you have made the wisest speech and the best resolution you ever made in your life; stand by it, and you may save your bacon yet. I hope my past offences will be forgiven, in consideration of the strength of the temptation; and I'll give them leave to tuck me up, without ceremony, if ever I preach up treason and rebellion again, so long as my name's *Trim*.

*Brim.* Ah! Friend *Trim*, if all that have preached treason and rebellion were to be tuck'd up, as thou phrasest it, the harvest truly would be plenteous, and the laborers few.

*Trim.* Hemp would bear a good price, I believe.

*Brim.* Treason is an odious crime in the sight of God and men; may we none of us listen to the suggestions of Satan, but may the

candle of the Lord within lighten our paths; and may the spirit lead us in the way of truth, and preserve us from all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion. But it grows late, and the spirit moveth me to be getting home. Friend *Sharp*, fare thee well. Come friends.

*Sharp*. Gentlemen, I wish you all a very good night.—  
*Exeunt omnes.*

*F I N I S.*

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ABSTRACT

15 41  
VOL. 20

No. 4

THE  
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY  
WITH  
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 80



COUNT THE COST - *Jonathan Steadfast* (David Daggett)

ELEGIAC EPISTLES (1780) - - - - - *Abelard*

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TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

REPRINTED

WILLIAM ABBATT,  
1922

BEING EXTRA NUMBER 80 OF THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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### EDITOR'S PREFACE

**O**UR first item, like our No. 76, was written by Judge David Daggett, and exhibits all the power of argument which characterizes that remarkable oration. Like it, it is very rare, and we believe has never been reprinted. The Judge's arguments prevailed. The proposed new Constitution was defeated.

Our second item is a real literary "find"—probably the first mention, in book form, of John Paul Jones.

The author, "Abelard," has successfully concealed his identity, as we do not find him noted in Halket and Laing's Dictionary of Anonymous Literature.

The original was sold in New York, 1922, for \$21.



COUNT THE COST.

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AN  
ADDRESS  
TO THE  
*PEOPLE of CONNECTICUT,*  
ON  
SUNDRY POLITICAL SUBJECTS  
AND  
PARTICULARY ON THE PROPOSITION FOR  
A NEW CONSTITUTION

---

BY JONATHAN STEADFAST.

(David Daggett)

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"However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp to themselves, the reins of government, destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion."

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

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HARTFORD:  
PRINTED BY HUDSON AND GOODWIN

1804

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

REPRINTED

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# COUNT THE COST

## *An Address to the People of Connecticut*

*For which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first and counteth the cost?*

**A**N interesting question is here asked by the direction of infinite wisdom. This question contains the following useful and important instruction: *That no man or body of men should attempt the accomplishment of any great object without duly estimating the evils and benefits probably resulting from it.* Such a rule of life adopted and adhered to would have prevented many schemes and projects which have cost much, and which have been productive of nothing but disgrace to their authors and misery to the human race—it would induce men to obey the dictates of experience rather than the dreams of enthusiasm, and would drive from the world a species of *wisdom* which is indeed *folly*.

An attempt is now making in this State to change the vital principles of our government, to remove from office all our present rulers, and to introduce a new order of things. To these innovations the people are invited, allured and exhorted.—To effect these objects no pains are spared—no exertions are omitted.

An important question here arises, viz. Would the accomplishment of the object be worth the cost?—An individual who neither holds an office nor seeks one—who can have nothing in view but the maintenance of that order of things which shall most effectually promote public and private happiness, and who has the same interest in the welfare of society as the great body of his fellow citizens, requests the dispassionate attention of the reader, while he considers this important subject. He will use no weapon but truth, *and* truth will be regarded by all except those who love darkness rather than light.

To exhibit a correct view of the subject, it will be proper, *first*, to enquire into the present condition of Connecticut, and *secondly*, to examine the various plans or projects proposed for our adoption, and estimate the probable cost attending them. We can then in the *third* place form a just opinion of the propriety of the proposed changes.

The condition of Connecticut first claims our attention.

That our climate, soil and situation are such as to insure as much health, riches and prosperity as any people can rationally wish, seems not to be doubted. Our natural advantages do not indeed promise such an accumulation of wealth as might satisfy that avarice which like the horse leech is constantly crying give—give—they are such however as will, in ordinary cases, ensure to industry an ample reward and this should satisfy a virtuous mind.

The diffusion of knowledge is greater than in any other part of the globe of equal dimensions. Such are the excellent provisions of our laws, and the virtuous habits of our citizens, that schools of instruction in all useful knowledge are to be found in every place where they are needed. There is no village in this State which will not attest to this fact. In various places also flourishing academies are supported, in which the higher branches of science are taught, and our College is at once our ornament and our pride. Religious instruction is also brought almost to every man's door, so that none can justly complain that they are denied the means of growing wiser and better. By the liberality of the benevolent, private libraries are every where found which, with the other sources of information, evince the superiority of our condition to that of any other people, in the means of gaining valuable knowledge. To those who with the writer believe that ignorance is the parent of vice, and that the *civilized* is preferable to the savage state, our situation, in the above particulars, demands the gratitude of every heart.

Our constitution and government are perfectly free, and our laws are mild, equitable and just. To the truth of this position there is the most ample and unequivocal proof.

1. Those who seek to revolutionize the State declare this to be the nature of our government with few exceptions.—Such testimony cannot be doubted—it is the testimony of a man against himself. Ask your neighbour to point you to the evils under which he labours—ask him to name the man who is oppressed except by his vices or his follies, and if he be honest, he will tell you that there is no such man—if he be dishonest, his silence will be proof in point.

2. Strangers who reside here a sufficient time to learn our laws, universally concur in their declarations on this subject. They will ask, with surprise, why the people of Connecticut should complain? They see every man indulged in worshipping God as he pleases, and they see many indulged in neglecting his worship entirely.—They see men every where enjoying the liberty of doing what is right—and such liberty they rightly decide is the perfection of freedom.

3. The experience of a century and an half affords irresistible proof on this subject. During this long period convulsions have shaken many parts of the earth, and there has been a mighty waste of human happiness. Empires and Kingdoms have been prostrated, and the sword hath been devouring without cessation. This state too hath been threatened—clouds have gathered and portended a dreadful desolation, but we have been defended, protected and saved. No essential changes in our government have ever taken place—formed by men who knew the important difference between liberty and licentiousness, it has been our shield—our strong tower—our secure fortress.—To the calls of our country we have ever been obedient.—No state hath more cheerfully met danger—no state hath more readily or effectually resisted foreign aggression. Washington while living was a witness to this fact, and tho' dead he yet speaketh. While plots, insurrections and rebellions have distressed many states and nations, Connecticut hath enjoyed an internal peace and tranquility, which forcibly demonstrates the wisdom and equity of her Government.—Such a Government, administered by men of virtue and talents, has produced the most benign effects, and

our prosperity is calculated to excite the warmest expressions of gratitude rather than the murmurs of disaffection.

4. Our Treasury exhibits the truth of these remarks. It is clear from the statement in the Appendix, to which every reader will advert with pleasure, that the people of Connecticut annually receive thirty-seven thousand four hundred and fifty-five dollars and seventy-six cents more from the Treasury than they pay into it by taxes and duties.—At the close of the late war such had been our exertions, we were encumbered with a debt of nearly two millions of dollars. Now that debt is paid and we have nearly that sum in advance. Where is the state which can justly boast of greater prosperity?

Notwithstanding this enviable situation a clamour is excited, the people are agitated, and discord, with its train of evils, is prevailing. Some of our citizens, in the height of political prosperity, are seeking to destroy an order of things which has prevailed an hundred and fifty years, and to throw themselves into the arms of projectors and reformers. Is there nothing unaccountable in such conduct? Is there nothing calculated to excite indignation? My fellow citizens, shall any considerable portion of the people of Connecticut subject themselves to the reproach which rested on an ancient people? “The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master’s crib, but my people do not know, Israel doth not consider.”

Secondly. Let us examine some of the plans and projects proposed for our adoption and estimate the probable cost attending them.—Here we must speak with less certainty.—What the present condition of Connecticut is we know—respecting its future destiny we can only judge by arguing from cause to effect. Why a man who regards the happiness of his fellow men, should attempt a change here, is too wonderful for an ordinary capacity. No prudent farmer ever pulled up a hill of corn, which was flourishing, to see if there was not a worm at the root.

One of these projects is the repeal of all laws for the support of religious institutions. The language of those who favor the measure

is, that religion will take care of itself—that no external aid is necessary—that all legislative interference is impious. Many, and it is believed by far the greater part, of those who make these declarations, intend to throw down all the barriers which Christianity has erected against vice. They are obstinately determined to banish from the public mind all affection and veneration for the Clergy, all respect for the institutions of religion, and to reduce Connecticut to that condition which knows no distinction between “him who serveth God and him who serveth him not.” They wish to see a Republic without religion; and should they be gratified, the consequence would speedily be, a miserable race of men without virtue, wallowing in vice and ripening for a dreadful destruction. If infinite truth is to be credited, “God will pour out his indignation on the heathen who know him not.”

These reformers, under the specious pretext of exercising unbounded liberality in matters of religion, become intolerant to all who differ from them. Charging the professors of Christianity with breathing out a spirit of persecution, they become the most furious persecutors, and while they affect to possess great moderation and candor towards all denominations of Christians, they clearly evince that they would grant indulgence or protection to none. On the other hand a great majority of the people and the Legislature insist that every man in the community who is able, should contribute, in some way, towards the support of the institutions of religion. No wish is entertained to legislate in matters of faith, or to establish one sect in preference to another. Our laws permit every man to worship God when, where, and in the manner most agreeable to his principles or to his inclination, and not the least restraint is imposed; all ideas of dictating to the conscience are discarded, and every man “sits under his own vine and fig tree.” Our laws only enforce the great principle above mentioned that the members of the community should contribute toward the support of these institutions, as means to promote the prosperity of the people in the same manner as they provide for the public accomodation, peace and happiness, by

the maintenance of roads and bridges, the organization of the militia, and the support of schools of instruction. Should objections be urged by any individuals that they cannot conscientiously contribute to the promotion of these objects, their objections would be disregarded. There is a class of men, very respectable for the sobriety of their habits, and their peaceful deportment, who always refuse to be taxed for military defence. No one doubts that in their opposition, they are conscientious, and yet few doubt the propriety of enforcing such taxes.

The principle now advocated, is interwoven with all our laws and habits—it has existed from the first settlement of the State—it has produced much good—it ought not therefore to be abandoned without the utmost deliberation. The clamor against this principle, is the clamor of those who wish to see the State revolutionized—it is the clamor of those turbulent spirits which delight in confusion and which pull down and destroy with an eagerness and dexterity which they never show in building up. Let the sober citizens of Connecticut look at the authors of this clamor.—Let them view such men as Abraham Bishop, and eye the path which they have trodden from their youth, and then ask their own hearts if they are not under some apprehension, lest if they should enlist under such leaders and fight their cause, they may be found contending against the best interests of society, and “fighting against God.”

Another project zealously supported is that of Districting the State for the choice of Assistants, and Representatives in Congress. The only argument which is urged for the adoption of this measure with any plausibility, is that in District elections the candidate would be better known. To this argument it may be replied, the State of Connecticut is so limited in its extent, information of all kinds is so generally diffused, and there is such a flood of newspapers that the characters of all the candidates for office may be thoroughly known by all who will bestow any attention to the subject. This State is scarcely more extensive than a single County in many other

States, and the intercourse of the inhabitants of the various parts with each other is such that no evil can exist in our present mode of election.—But there are serious and mighty objections against District elections.

1stly. Such elections open wide the door for intrigue.—At this door, already too widely extended, the most alarming mischiefs enter—mischiefs which sap the foundations of an elective government by corrupting the minds of the freemen and thus converting an election ground into a theatre on which is displayed the most vile and demoralizing practices. Let the reader satisfy himself as to the truth of this observation by examining the history of an election in the Southern States, where this mode alone is adopted. Let him learn that the candidate for office and his host of dependents and tools, are employed for weeks before and on the day of election, in the most infamous intrigues, and that falsehood and bribery are so much in fashion, and are so universally resorted to, that success invariably attends the most impudent and the most profligate, while the man of modesty and virtue, though possessing the fairest claims to promotion, is abashed, confounded and overwhelmed.

2dly. The candidate when elected becomes the creature of a district and not the ruler of a State,—He is and must be devoted to the interest of that portion of the community which has elected him and their views and schemes must be patronized though they oppose the welfare of the whole.

3dly. Such elections do not secure the best talents. If talents and worth are of consideration, surely they should be at the command of the public. It is of no moment *where* a man dwells, but it is of immense importance that he be a *wise man* rather than a *fool*—a man of *integrity* rather than a *knave*.

4thly. Experience, the only safe and unerring guide, is altogether in favor of elections at large rather than by Districts. The representation of this State in Congress has ever been of the most respectable character.—It is not too much to say that no



State in the Union can justly claim a superiority to Connecticut in this respect. The same may be affirmed, with truth, of the Upper House of the Legislature of this State. Has there not been a constant succession of able and wise men in that branch of the administration of Connecticut? For more than a century we have preserved an unexampled prosperity.—Shall we hazard our interests on the speculations of zealous partizans who are constantly bewildering themselves and their followers in new schemes?

Another project is that of universal suffrage. The streets resound with the clamour that men are deprived of the invaluable privilege of choosing their rulers, and the people are invited to extend this privilege to all who pay taxes and do military duty. It is now discovered that Connecticut, in this particular, is not free.—The great argument urged in support of universal suffrage is that taxation and representation should go hand in hand—it is said that this maxim was deemed just during the revolutionary war, and that Americans adhered to it as a fundamental principle.—This principle the writer readily recognizes as a sound and indisputable position in every free government. But what is the meaning of the maxim? Does it intend that every person who is taxed, can of right claim the privilege of giving his suffrage? If so persons convicted of offences, or who are infamous for their vices may vote—for such persons are not outlawed.—On this principle women of full age and unmarried, are also to be admitted.—Minors also whose property is taxed, should be permitted to exercise this franchise, at least by guardian or proxy. What then is the true meaning of the maxim that representation and taxation are inseparable? Here all writers agree—it means *that no community should be taxed by the legislature unless that community is, or might have been represented in such legislature.*—Hence several towns in this State till lately, were not represented in the General Assembly, and of course not taxed.—Barkhamsted, Colebrook and Winchester, it is believed, were of this description.

This State and the other States understood this maxim precisely as now explained, in their opposition to Great Britain.—

We complained that the colonies should not be taxed because they were not represented in Parliament. In this view of the subject the maxim is wise and just.

Again, is not every town in Connecticut now represented in the legislature, and of course each individual equally with every other? Is the representative of Hartford, for example, a representative of the *freemen* of Hartford, or of the *town* of Hartford? The truth is, every man, woman and child are represented.

But it is said that many persons are excluded from giving their suffrages who have life, liberty and reputation to protect. On a close attention to this fact it will be found that the number of those *worthy* members of society who do not possess the legal qualification, is small, and if men are to have an influence in elections according to the amount of their taxes, why should not the man who pays fifty dollars, be entitled to more than one vote? No one pleads for such a privilege, but there are many who insist that the man without a cent of property shall have the same direction in the choice of those who are charged with the interests of the community, as he who is worth thousands of dollars. A friend to the rights of man seems to feel no alarm at the idea that one who exhausts his earnings in a grog-shop, should have an influence in elections in proportion to the strength of his lungs, or his activity in intrigue, but he is greatly agitated from an apprehension that men who have property to protect, will not promote the well being of society. A juror who is to decide on the controversies of his neighbours—an appraiser of land—a distributor of a deceased person's estate, must be freeholders by a standing law which is the subject of no censure, and yet it is said that in the important transaction of choosing men to enact laws, and to appoint those who are to decide on, and execute those laws, no qualifications are necessary.

Again, it is insisted by those who oppose universal suffrage, and the reader is desired to notice the remark with attention, that no community can be safe unless the power of elections resides prin-

cipally with the great body of the landholders. Such an influence had this principle on those wise men who formed our laws, that a mere trifle in real property gives the right of suffrage, while a man may be excluded who is the proprietor of personal property to a large amount.

Landholders have an enduring interest in the welfare of the community. They are lords of their own soil, and of course, to a certain degree, independent—they therefore will resist tyranny—they will equally oppose anarchy because they are aware that in any storm which may arise they must abide its fury. The merchant, with his thousands, can seek a shelter—to the mere *bird of passage*, who has no “abiding country and who seeks none to come,” it is of little moment whether stability or confusion predominate, but to the former who is enchained to the State, peace and order is of inestimable value.

What, my fellow citizens, is the attempt now making? What is the language of those who advocate universal suffrage? It is nothing less than an effort to wrest from the farmers of Connecticut that controul over the elections which is their only fortress of safety. Let men who wish to protect their invaluable rights ponder on these things, and let them at the same time, remember that no nation in which universal suffrage hath been allowed, hath remained free and happy.

Another project urged, with great vehemence, is, to displace all our present rulers—by those, is meant our legislators in the general and State Government—our judges and magistrates of every grade. That such is a darling object with those who seek to revolutionize Connecticut, there is no doubt. Is such a measure wise? Who are these rulers? A candid observer must reply, they are men in whose hands power has been wisely placed by the people, and who have never abused that power, men of unquestionable talents and of spotless fame. Among them are your Trumbulls, your Ellsworths, your Hillhouses, your Griswolds, your Goodriches and your Daven-

ports, men tried and approved. Among them there is one who was side by side with your beloved Washington during the revolutionary war, who has repeatedly been elected your first magistrate, and, against whom, the tongue of slander never moved but in the *hard* service of a *harder* master. There is another, who, for more than twenty years has been employed in the first offices in the gift of his country, and whose probity and talents are second to those of none of his contemporaries. Among these are many who must enjoy the affection and veneration of their countrymen while superior worth is regarded. Against these men the cry is raised—not the cry of the oppressed, for God knows no man in Connecticut is oppressed, but the cry of those who pant for office, and who can rise only on the ruins of others.

Your judges also to whom is committed the administration of justice, are marked out as the victims of party spirit. Is not a wise and faithful execution of the laws the chief object of every good Government? Without this who is safe for a moment? Without this, liberty can exist only in name—the *name* indeed may be blasphemously uttered, but the substance is gone with the liberty of all who have relied on professions. Let the people of Connecticut look at their tribunals of justice. Are they not filled with men of incorruptible integrity? Where has innocence received a more ample protection? Is not the transgressor punished, and are not the wrongs of the injured redressed? Are not our mild laws executed in mercy, and is not justice awarded with impartiality to individuals? Can you look at the seat of justice and say “iniquity is there?” Dare any man say that the judges of our high Courts are not upright, intelligent and learned? Who then can justly complain? Yet the stripling of yesterday—the bold projector—the unprincipled and ambitious, with a host of deceived followers, with matchless effrontery, arraign the conduct of these magistrates, and loudly demand that they be driven from their offices, and from public confidence.

Another favorite scheme is to elevate to all the offices of importance men who have never enjoyed the public confidence. The

language of these revolutionists is respecting the men in power in Connecticut, "We will not have these men to rule over us"—We will fill their places with men of our choice—the creatures of our hands, and who will be subservient to our views. But, my countrymen, before you join in this project, pause and enquire, who are these men who place themselves in the corners of the streets and cry "Oh, that we were made judges in the land?" It is no part of the writer's design to hunt vice from its guilty retreat, to expose before an insulted people, the horrid features which distinguish certain individuals who challenge popular applause, or to attack private character, but justice demands that men who boldly claim to be the rulers of the free and happy state of Connecticut, should be known. The men who are to stand in the places of our Trumbulls and our Ellsworths should not shrink from public investigation. To those who respect the authority of God it is a matter of no small moment that those who rule over men should be just, ruling in the fear of God, nor will men, accustomed to revere this solemn declaration, lend their aid to elevate men of vicious and corrupt lives, without some dismay.

It is not enough to tell us that men will be selected of more virtue and talents than those now in power—such a pretence is vain—no man in his senses will regard it—no man makes such a pretence but for wicked purpose. If we are directed to turn our eyes to those who for years past have been held up in the unsuccessful nominations, and are told that these are to be substituted for the men who now guide our Councils, what are we to expect? An appeal may be made to every man not bewildered in this new and destructive madness—he may be asked who among these men stand forth with fair claims to public confidence? Where, among them, can be found the polished scholar—the able civilian, the enlightened judge? Do we see in a single individual an assemblage of talents united with virtue sufficient to qualify him for the seat of justice? If there are such men they have hitherto hid their talents in the earth. It will not here be forgotten that the attempt is, to reject men long known

and respected, and to fill their places with those who are without a witness in their favor.

A still more mischievous and alarming project is, that of making a new Constitution for Connecticut. This project originates entirely in a spirit of Jacobinism—it is a *new* theme on which to descant to effect a revolution in Connecticut. The object is, by false assertions, to induce a belief that no Constitution exists and that tyranny prevails. This party always address the passions and never the understanding.—Review their measures for a few years, and you will distinctly perceive their motives and aims.

To create disaffection and hatred towards those who formerly administered the general Government, it was boldly asserted that the treasury had been plundered. Even the illustrious Saviour of his Country was accused of embezzling public money, and his followers could not expect a less happy fate. Men of the most unsuspected integrity, were openly attacked by anonymous publications, or despoiled of their good name by secret insinuations. These calumnies were kept in circulation by their authors till impudence itself was abashed, and the object in view obtained—not a tittle of proof was ever adduced, and investigation always shewed that the charges were not only false, but entirely groundless.

For the same unworthy purpose it was asserted in every circle of opposition that salaries were too high, and the incomes of office enormous. Every tavern resounded with this grievance. At length the principal authors of this clamor got into place, and the clamor was hushed. Yes, men who urged the people of Connecticut almost to rebellion on this account, stepped into the places and, without a blush, took more from the people than their predecessors. Look at Mr. Babcock's paper in 1799 and 1800, and see its columns filled with railing against high salaries.—Look at it since Abraham Bishop takes 3,000 dollars a year, and Alexander Wolcott more than four, and find, if you can, a complaint on this subject. Such meanness,

such baseness, such hypocrisy in office-seekers, exhibit in strong colors the depravity of human nature, and teach us what dependence may justly be placed on pretensions and professions.

To inflame the passions and to create animosity, various subjects have been successively seized upon, and pressed into the service of the revolutionists.—Every quarrel however trivial is noticed—every seed of discord however small is nourished to disseminate murmurs and to further the great object.—Various classes of the community are told, with apparent anxiety for their welfare, that they are oppressed, and that a new order of things must arise, or that they will be enslaved. New subjects are started as old ones cease to operate, and thus all that ingenuity and art, industry and perseverance, can devise or effect is accomplished. Thus, that numerous and respectable body of Christians called Episcopalians have been told, and repeatedly told, that the more numerous denomination were seeking to deprive them of their just and equal rights, and to subject them to the tyranny of an overbearing majority.—These tales were reiterated till their authors found them useless from their folly and falsehood. At another time the Baptists were addressed by a set of men who denied the reality of any religion, with the most earnest yearnings for their welfare. The tyranny of the Legislature was painted in horrid colors, and they were exhorted to lend their aid to vindicate the cause of the oppressed. Those who conscientiously believe that no taxes ought to be paid for the support of religion, and those who wish that religion might no more infest the residence of men, were addressed with considerations adapted to their respective cases. At one time men destitute of property are seduced by the alluring doctrine of universal suffrage—then the farmer is told that taxes are too high on land, and, with the same breath, the mechanic is sagely informed, that the poll tax should be repealed, and the burden fall back on the land holder.

Festivals under the pretence of honoring the election of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Burr, and of extolling the wisdom of the purchase of Louisiana, but with a real design to blazon the fame of those who

assume the character of friends of the people that they may the more readily destroy the most free and equitable Government in the world, are continually holden, and the discontented, the factious, the ambitious and the corrupt, are collected and flattered with declamations in the various shapes of prayers, sermons and orations. Thus a people enjoying the height of political prosperity are cajoled into a belief that men without virtue, without the restraints of the gospel, without a particle of real regard for their fellow men, are their best friends, and are anxiously laboring to promote their good. Let such remember, that when the Ethiopian shall change his skin, when the Leopard shall change his spots, and when bitter fountains shall send forth sweet water, then will those who flatter the people with their tongues, and deceive them with their lips, seek their happiness. Such are some of the measures resorted to by those who have sworn in their wrath that Connecticut shall be revolutionized. Finding all these ineffectual, and that the good sense and virtue of Connecticut has hitherto opposed an inseparable barrier to all their plans, they now exclaim Connecticut has no Constitution. Mr. Bishop in his oration on the 11th of May, declared, among other outrageous and wicked falsehoods, that Connecticut had no Constitution. Such a gross absurdity could never have been promulgated till the mind was in some degree prepared, by being accustomed to misrepresentation. This was well known to Mr. Bishop, who has for years been in the habit of disregarding moral obligation. In the year 1789 this Orator pronounced several inflammatory invectives against the Constitution of the United States, to which he was a bitter enemy till he obtained an office under it worth three thousand dollars a year. At that time his language was, The Constitution of Connecticut is the best in the world—it has grown up with the people, and it is fitted to their condition.—Now this *consistent* man who is endeavoring to gull the people that he may successfully tyrannize over them, avows that they are without a Constitution.

My fellow citizens, examine this head of clamor with candor, read the solemn declaration of Washington in the title page, attend to



the following remarks and then tell me if you do not perceive in this project, with the manner in which it is supported and attempted to be accomplished, enough of the revolutionary spirit of France, to excite the indignation of every real friend to the peace and happiness of Connecticut.

1. If there be no Constitution in Connecticut then your Huntingtons, your Trumbulls, your Shermans, your Wolcotts and your Davenports, with many other worthies, who were your defence in war, and your ornament in peace, and who are now sleeping with their fathers, were *wicked usurpers*—they ruled their fellow citizens without authority—they were TYRANTS. Let Judd and Bishop approach the sepulchers of these venerable men—let them lift the covering from these venerable ashes and in the face of heaven pronounce them TYRANTS!! Could you see them approach their dust with such language on their tongues, you would see them retreat with horrible confusion from these relicks of departed worth.

2. The present rulers are acting also without authority, and their laws are void—then you are already in the midst of anarchy and wild misrule—then has no man a title to an inch of land, and you are ready for an equal division of property—all protection of life and liberty is at an end, and the will of a mob is now to prevail.

3. If indeed there is no Constitution, then the oath which has been administered in your freemen's meetings for twenty years, by which each man has sworn "to be true and faithful to the Constitution" of the state, is worse than impious profanation of the name of God—then your judges, magistrates and jurors have stripped men of their property, condemned some to Newgate and others to the Post, the Pillory and the Gallows, without a warrant, and are therefore murderers.—O thou God of order is this our condition!!! But,

4. We have a Constitution—a *free* and *happy* Constitution. It was to our fathers like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land—it has enabled them to transmit to us a fair and glorious inheritance—

if we suffer revolutionists to rob us of this birth right "then are we bastards and not sons."

It is a fact as well authenticated as the settlement of the state, that a Constitution was formed by the people of the then colony of Connecticut, before the Charter of King Charles. This Charter was a guarantee of that Constitution. Trumbull's history of Connecticut gives us this Constitution and its origin. On our separation from Great Britain, the people, thro' their representatives, made the following declaration on this subject:

"An Act containing an Abstract and Declaration of the Rights and Privileges of the People of this State, and securing the same.

*THE People of this State, being by the Providence of God, free and independent, have the sole and exclusive Right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State; and having from their Ancestors derived a free and excellent Constitution of Government whereby the Legislature depends on the free and annual Election of the People, they have the best Security for the Preservation of their civil and religious Rights and Liberties. And forasmuch as the free Fruition of such Liberties and Privileges as Humanity, Civility and Christianity call for, as is due to every Man in his Place and Proportion, without Impeachment and Infringement, hath ever been, and will be the Tranquility and Stability of Churches and Commonwealths; and the Denial thereof, the Disturbance, if not the Ruin of both.*

PAR. 1. *BE it enacted and declared by the Governor, and Council, and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, That the ancient Form of Civil Government, contained in the Charter from Charles the Second, King of England, and adopted by the People of this State, shall be and remain the Civil Constitution of this State, under the sole authority of the People thereof, independent of any King or Prince whatever. And that this Republic is, and shall forever be and remain, a free, sovereign and independent State, by the Name of the STATE OF CONNECTICUT.*

2. *And be it further enacted and declared, That no Man's Life shall be taken away: No Man's Honor or good Name shall be stained: No Man's Person shall be arrested, restrained, banished, dismembered, nor any Ways punished: No Man shall be deprived of his Wife or Children; No Man's Goods or Estate shall be taken away from him, nor any Ways indamaged under the Color of Law, or Countenance of Authority; unless clearly warranted by the Laws of this State.*

3. That all the free Inhabitants of this or any other of the United States of *America*, and Foreigners in Amity with this State, shall enjoy the same justice and Law within this State, which is general for the State, in all Cases proper for the Cognizance of the Civil Authority and Court of Judicature within the same, and that without Partiality or Delay.

4. And that no Man's Person shall be restrained, or imprisoned, by any Authority whatsoever, before the Law hath sentenced him thereunto, if he can and will give sufficient Security, Bail, or Main-prize for his Appearance and good Behaviour in the mean Time, unless it be for Capital Crimes, Contempt in open Court, or in such Cases wherein some express Law doth allow of, or order the same."

These proceedings have been regarded as the ark of our political safety by the great and the good of all parties, who have gone before us. Never till this year have we heard, or even suspected that our state was governed by a lawless mob. Now, as a mean to effect a revolution, for the first time, have a few designing men endeavored to excite alarm—they have indeed excited alarm—sober men of their own party are alarmed—honest men, who are not misguided see the whole extent of this project and they will frown it into contempt.

5. Mr. Edwards as chairman of a body of men whom he calls a State Committee, on the 30th of July, without consulting even his brethren of the Committee, ordered delegates to meet at New Haven on the 5th Wednesday of August. In those towns where enough could not be assembled to elect a member, the person written to was

authorized to attend and take a seat. In some towns the proposition was rejected even by Republicans. The delegates thus chosen, with all who united with their opinions, and chose to attend, met at the time and place appointed—shut their doors against every eye and ear—sat one day, formed an address, ordered ten thousand copies printed, and dissolved. This address we have seen. It deserves some notice.

The first thing that attracts our attention is, that William Judd, Esq., of Farmington, is appointed chairman. This was an admirable provision—such a meeting should certainly have such a head. A man in the habit of devoting his feeble talents to intrigue, and who is noticeable only for an ostentatious parade, would preside in such an assembly with peculiar grace. His acquaintance could not but approve of this exhibition of the power of inflammable air and be pleased with its effects in an *exhausted receiver*. The meeting thus organized proceed to stile this Convention as follows: “At a meeting of Delegates from ninety-seven towns of the state of Connecticut, convened at New-Haven on the 29th of August, 1804” *Delegates—Delegates* do they *stile* themselves? The people would be obliged to this Convention to disclose their authority. Who commissioned these gentlemen for this important labor of providing them with a Constitution? The truth is, not a man in that Convention was chosen by a majority of the people of his town—in many instances with less than a quarter part, and in general with less than a tenth—yet they call themselves Delegates. Thus this Convention with Major Judd in the chair, precede their address with a grossly deceptive declaration—a declaration notoriously false and impudent. They then declare it as *their* unanimous opinion, “that the people of this state are at present without a Constitution of civil Government.” This was to have been expected. Mr. Edwards ordered them to meet for that purpose, and shall they not obey their master? Bishop and Wolcott have repeatedly directed them to make this declaration, and Major Judd *knows* it to be true. Can any man doubt either the truth of this remark or the sincerity with which it is uttered? Is it

not clear that this whole proceeding originates in a pure unmixed affection for the people and a sacred regard to truth? My fellow-citizens, look at the whole course of the lives of Judd, (I place him first on the list because he was chairman) of Bishop and of Wolcott, and say if they have not ever been under the influence of the most disinterested virtue and the most exalted patriotism? Look also at these Delegates from ninety-seven towns, and say if they can have any other object in view but the dignity, happiness and glory of their country? Individuals can only vouch for individuals. The writer can vouch for about thirty with Major Judd at *their head*.

If any reader shall think that the subject is treated with too much levity, he should reflect that we are now animadverting on this Convention in their appointment of chairman, their stiling themselves Delegates from ninety-seven towns, and their declaration that we have no Constitution. On these subjects it is scarcely possible to be serious.

The address proceeds to declare how many of the confederated states have made for themselves Constitutions. We ask, which of them is more prosperous than Connecticut? In which of them are the great interests of Society better secured? In New-York a Convention was called about three years since to amend their Constitution. In Pennsylvania they have had two Constitutions and they are now on the eve of a civil war. Duane the great moving spring of all Jacobin societies, a vile outcast from Europe, reigns with uncontrolled sway in every measure, and every man of virtue is denounced.

In Georgia they have had two Constitutions, and in Vermont two, and who dare pronounce their political situation equal to that of Connecticut. The people of France have had six Constitutions within fifteen years, and where are those Constitutions? In the grave of anarchy and despotism with millions of deluded inhabitants who have been sacrificed by the Robespierres and the Bishops of that suffering nation. To that suffering nation turn your eyes and reflect that the mighty mass of woe under which they have groaned, was

produced by an ambition, fierce, cruel and destructive as hell, and that an ambition alike terrible reigns every where.

Read this address attentively, and you will be struck with the idea that no grievance is mentioned—not a single evil is pointed out—indeed the Convention declare that they must be “excused a detail of the numerous wrongs which have arrived to us under this Government”—these are their words—they are *excused indeed*—yea, they are excused from not polluting their address with falsehoods in this particular—full well they knew that no such *wrongs* existed—full well they anticipated that a certain detection would follow any such attempts at imposition. The leaders in this Convention knew full well that there is intelligence enough in Connecticut to meet them on any complaint, and to shew that it is groundless. They, therefore, prudently decline to be explicit, and yielding to us that the Government is *now* well administered, they show a great anxiety for the safety of the “next generation.” What an astonishing display of philanthropy!! Bishop and Wolcott are not at ease in their hearts while there is a prospect that even the generations which succeed us, will experience a woe!!

After many remarks directed to the passions, without proposing in specific terms a single provision of their newly projected Constitution, without laying their finger upon a single grievance, without urging a single argument tending to show that a Constitution does not exist, the address unmask itself—it unmask the Convention—it unmask these patriotic Delegates, and discovers the true cause of this Jacobinic meeting. Towards the close of it, speaking of the people, it says, “By their votes will be known their decision. If a Constitution appears desirable, *they will vote for men who are in favor of it.*” Here the Convention speak in language which all may understand—but lest they had not made themselves sufficiently intelligible, they add, “We ask men of all parties to attend punctually at proxies and to continue a *contest of votes* till the great question whether this state shall have a Constitution be settled finally and forever.” Now, the plain English of these sen-

tences is this 'We who are here assembled in Convention wish the people of Connecticut to vote for such men, in future, for office, as are in favor of a new Constitution—we have already declared that we are in favor of such a Constitution—*pray therefore vote for us and continue*" the contest "till we succeed and then"—yes—my fellow-citizens, *and then*, what will they do? Why laugh at your folly—take all the offices and leave you to take care of yourselves. If such would not be their conduct then the sun will no more rise in the east.

Gentlemen of the convention pray cease your pretensions to promotion till the people discover your merit. If you are honest, great and wise you will certainly be noticed and promoted—if you are *pigmy* politicians, the mushroom growth of an hour, dressed only with the little brief authority of *self created* delegates to a *self created* convention to aggrandise *yourselves*, then probably you will live with little further notice, and it will only be said hereafter of you that you belonged to an assembly convened at New-Haven on the 29th of August 1804, which sprang up in a day, chose Major Judd chairman; and like "Jonah's gourd withered in a day."

In this convention the question was much discussed whether the address should be made to the *people* or to the constituted authority of our State, *the legislature*. Some honest republicans insisted that it was proper to apply to the Legislature, but this was opposed by the young lawyers and the leaders of the party universally—full well they knew that such a measure would not answer *their* purpose—Mobs never talk of any authority except that of the *sovereign people*—To the *sovereign people* they go, and to the *sovereign people* they appeal till a *sovereign people* are cruelly insulted, cajoled and enslaved. Marat, Robespierre and Bonaparte told the *sovereign people* that they were *all in all* till they had robbed them of their dearest interests, and enchained them in despotism, and they now mock them with such declarations as these, \**"The perfectability of human nature,*

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\*See the Legislative declaration on making Bonaparte Emperor.

the worst disease of man"—"the caprice of elections must be destroyed"—"the people cannot govern themselves."

Having examined some of the plans or projects proposed for our adoption, we will now estimate the probable cost attending them. It is to be recollected that the proposition is to change the vital principles of our government—to displace our present rulers and to fill their places with men who never enjoyed the public confidence. To determine whether these objects are worth accomplishing, it is necessary to COUNT THE COST.

1. One part of this cost will be an increase of the violence of parties. Men who regard their property, their liberty and their lives, will not yield them a willing sacrifice to the demands of the ambitious and unprincipled—men who faced danger and braved death during a seven years' war—men whose veins are warm with the blood of their venerable ancestors who planted this happy state, and defended it amidst innumerable hardships and calamities—men who deem their birthright sacred—their own freedom valuable, and their children dear as their own blood, will not calmly, nor cowardly suffer those who have no claims but their impudence, to storm their fortress and to capture them. They will defend it in all lawful ways.—Bishop and Wolcott, and a thousand other mercenary hirelings may attempt to subdue or terrify them—a proud and haughty leader who under the guise of patriotism, is attempting to undermine the happiness of the best regulated and freest State in the Union, with a thousand sycophants, conspiring to bring us under the yoke of Virginia, may exhaust their ingenuity and malice, still Connecticut will remain unshaken. She will never crouch like Issachar to chains and fetters while any portion of the noble spirit of her ancestors who transmitted this fair inheritance at a mighty expense, remains to impel them to noble exertions.—It is ardently to be wished that the passions of those who seek to overturn the venerable institutions of Connecticut, may subside, and that a spirit of reconciliation and moderation may succeed to that madness which threat-



ens our peace.—If however the controversy is to be continued and a mob insist on the right to rule, freemen will protect their lives and their liberties.—And is not the peace and tranquility of the State of importance? We have been told with more *truth* than *sincerity* that “life itself is a dreary thing” without “harmony in social intercourse.” Happy would it have been if the author of that just and pertinent remark had not contributed more than any other man in the United States to embitter parties, and to render life indeed a “dreary thing.”

2. Another item in the expense of accomplishing these projects, is a corruption of morals. To revolutionize Connecticut it will be necessary to circulate, without any intermission, many gross falsehoods respecting the men in power, the judges, legislators and magistrates, and the acts and proceedings of the General Assembly. We have seen the columns of the Mercury and the Republican Farmer filled with vile libels.—We have seen Abraham Bishop followed by hundreds enter a temple devoted to the service of God, and we have heard him there utter the most malignant slanders on the Clergy, the Legislature and the Courts of law.—We have seen him publicly denounce one class and another of his fellow citizens as hypocrites, old tories and traitors.—We have seen him receiving for this, the applause of a wretched collection of disappointed, ambitious and corrupt men. This has been borne and the author despised, and indignantly hissed from the society of the respectable and virtuous—but the end is not gained—new themes of reviling—new subjects of abuse must be sought, and the party who wish to effect a revolution, are pledged to uphold and protect the agents however wicked. What then may not be expected? That dreadful declaration “Truth is fallen in their streets” will soon be but an inconsiderable part of our miserable character. It need not be added that such a condition evinces great corruption of morals.

3. Another part of this expense will be the elevation of men to office who are unworthy of public confidence. What can a nation or state expect from such men? What could now be expected from these men but that they become immediately the creatures of a

party—the tools of a faction? Is it worthy of no consideration that judges who are to be the arbiters of controversies—who are to adjudicate on the lives of their fellow citizens, and to whom is committed the dearest and highest interests of society, should be men of virtue—of wisdom and of unsullied reputation? Can a Court be a shield against the proud oppressor when a daring leader can crush them with his nod? Be not deceived my fellow citizens—no nation hath yet made such an experiment without feeling its bitter and dreadful effects. See the revolutionary tribunals of France.—See in them a melancholy picture of corrupt courts and unprincipled judges.—The cruelty of that nation hath appeared nowhere more infernal than through their forms of law and in their sanctuaries of justice—a corrupt judgment seat is the greatest curse with which a people can be punished. In the mean time all subordinate tribunals will partake of the same character.—Thus instead of a government of laws, there will be the tyranny of a desperate faction.—Let no one reply that there is no danger of such evils in Connecticut. We now see a few leaders controul a party of several thousands.—We have seen six hundred meet and applaud the purchase of Louisiana when not one in five of them could form any opinion on the merits of the bargain.—We have seen a few leaders direct the offering of incense to Burr while the great body of their followers cursed him.—We see a party suffering the pride of Virginia to controul the government of the Union and to oppress New-England with a heavy impost because she would not submit to internal taxes.—We see a few leaders direct a convention of about two hundred to issue an address to the people of Connecticut, which address contains on the face of it many palpable falsehoods.—And cannot these same leaders controul a Court?

4. Another part of the cost of these projects, is the loss of all our institutions of religion.—It is not here intended that these institutions will be at *once* abolished.—Such a measure would alarm some honest men of the party—a gradual but sure destruction is the evil to be feared. The constitution of the United States was first attacked by an unconstitutional repeal of a law, and now the in-

dependence of the Supreme Court is to be destroyed, by impeachments of the judges. So will it fare with your institutions. The principle openly advocated is that none shall be obliged to contribute for the support of religious institutions. This once established destroys the vitals of the system, and the residue of its existence will be misery and wretchedness. Shall a party avowing this sentiment and seeking by every artifice to give it effect, receive the support of a people who have derived such substantial benefits from these institutions? Shall we look in vain thro' the ranks of that party for one to lift up his voice against this daring and dangerous innovation? Are there not many who either do not believe this to be the object of their leaders, or if such shall be their object, who are determined to resist them? Yes, there are many who are with them, who still intend to progress to no such excesses. Let such view the conduct of similar parties.—Let such not be deceived.—This is *indeed* their object.—They do not avow it to you, they know you would reject it, but they have made a vow that the influence of the Clergy shall be destroyed—this can be done in no other way. Nor can you *resist* them—they regard you now because they wish your assistance to confer on them power, but will they regard you when your exertions can neither aid nor defeat their designs—surely not—such has been the conduct of all factions.—It will be theirs should they prevail—the world has not furnished one solitary exception, nor can you expect one in this case. They seek their *own good*, and not the *good of others*, if inspiration is to be credited.

In return for these losses what good is to accrue to the people? Will you hazard these *evils* without a fair and reasonable expectation of some solid benefits? Is it then unreasonable to enquire what good is to be obtained? Do the characters of these men elevate your hopes? You know many of them in private life—do they there abound in good works? Shall they be heard and regarded when they demand of you to displace your faithful and approved rulers, and commit to them your all? Modest men will wait your notice and rise at your request. Shall the impudent, banish them from your affections and usurp their places in your hearts?

Let it again be asked what good will result to Connecticut by a new Constitution, by the prevalence of revolutionary principles? France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Italy and Holland, have seen revolution after revolution, one new Constitution after another, and liberty has a thousand times been immovably established. Altars have been demolished—Temples polluted, Kings, Queens, Nobles and Priests murdered in the cause of liberty—millions have perished—religion banished, and the worship of God prohibited—projectors have exhausted their ingenuity—the treasures of wealth have been wasted and the peace of the world sacrificed! What is the result? An accumulation of misery which baffles all description. Not an individual is more happy or more virtuous. Not a nation more prosperous—not a tittle added to human felicity. Ye reformers, look at France—behold the crimes which have risen up to demand the vengeance of God—see the woes which you have brought on the race of man, and tremble lest your works should follow you?

If this picture is too glaring, look at our sister states in which revolutions have been effected, and show us the benefit. A noisy or seditious individual has obtained a lucrative office—an ambitious leader is in the chair of state satiating his pride, or like Abraham Bishop gratifying his passion for ignoble pelf upon his thousands.—He drives his carriage by his industrious neighbor who has toiled for him at an election, cracks his whip and laughs at the folly of his dupe, and will laugh till he may need his services again, and then he will again cringe and bow and flatter and gull. But is the mechanic, the farmer, the merchant profited? Is society enriched, or the public good promoted?

In this view of the subject we will briefly ask, in the third place, is it proper to make the proposed changes—to adopt these projects? If no benefits will result—if much evil will probably ensue—the course of duty and interest is plain. Aware, however, that it may be said many of the dangers are imaginary, and are founded upon the supposition that we shall act with as little discretion and prudence as the people of other countries, it is important to observe that revolu-

tions are the same, in nature in every nation. Those who speak of a new Constitution, and of thorough reforms, should recollect that the promoters of these schemes in France, constantly amused the people with the idea that a new order of things—new rights—new principles, were to arise. Who does not recollect to have read of the perfectability of human nature—of the enlightened age of *regenerated* France? She boldly proclaimed herself the example of the world, and all nations were invited to see her glory, and enjoy her blessed liberty and her glorious equality. But mark the issue.—Not twelve years have elapsed before she has returned to an inglorious despotism.—She has exchanged her Capets for a foreign usurper, with an incalculable loss, and here her history ends. Such is the constant terminations of such revolutions, and shall we claim to be an exception? How do we judge as to the propriety of any course of life except by observation, experience or history? We see industry and integrity rewarded with competence or wealth—we see intemperance and sloth followed with disease, loss of reputation and poverty. These are sure grounds on which to predict respecting our neighbors, and by which to regulate our own conduct. On similar principles a wise people regard the conduct of other nations, and are solemnly admonished by their example. Let not then the projector persuade us to adopt his theories with proofs of their danger thus glaring before our eyes. Look at the conduct of our revolutionists for four years past, and see if you do not discover the genuine principles of the Jacobins of France—recollect also that they had first a Convention—then an Executive Directory—then a Consul for years—then a Consul for life, and then an usurper with an hereditary descent in his family. At each successive revolution the people were courted—were flattered—were promised transcendant felicity. The people swore eternal hatred to Monarchy, and eternal fidelity to Constitutions, till heaven, weary of their perjuries, sent them a despot in his wrath.

My fellow citizens human nature is the same here as in France—Then before you give ear to the songs of enchantment *Count the Cost.*

—Before you sell your birthright for a mess of pottage *Count the Cost*. Before you consent to yield up the institutions of your wise and pious ancestors, *Count the Cost*.—Before you admit universal suffrage *Count the Cost*.—Before you submit to the mischievous doctrine of district elections, *Count the Cost*.—Before you reject from office the men whom your hearts approve, *Count the Cost*, the great cost of weak and wicked rulers.—Before you consent to be governed by men whose impudence, and vice constitute many of their claims to promotion, *Count the Cost*. This evil you can prevent by attending with punctuality on our elections. The freemen of Connecticut are mighty when they arise in their strength. No freeman can justify absence except from necessity.—That people who will not faithfully attend upon the choice of their rulers, cannot expect to retain their freedom.—Trust not to a majority—say not that things will go well without *me*.—Such language is unbecoming freemen.—Despair not of a majority—if you will not “go *with* the multitude to do evil,” go *against* them to do good. Before you neglect an election *Count the Cost*.—If the loss of *your* Vote should prove the loss of an election of a single man, then will you not have *Counted the Cost*.

My fellow citizens—We have a government which has protected us a Century and a half—we have enjoyed unexampled prosperity.—We may transmit a glorious inheritance to posterity.—The writer has children dear to him as his own blood—these children are to him a sacred deposit—He can, with confidence, commit their political interests to such a government as Connecticut has enjoyed.—He is persuaded that if they feel the iron hand of despotism, it will not be from such a government, and such rulers as we now possess.—Before he yields his own, and their dear, and inestimable rights to the wild projects of the reformers of this age, he is firmly *resolved* to sit down and *Count the Cost*, and he entreats his fellow citizens to adopt similar resolutions.

## APPENDIX

## A VIEW OF THE FISCAL CONCERNS OF CONNECTICUT.

*Capital Funds of the Civil List*

	<i>Dols. Cts.</i>
Funded 6 per cent, Stock, (real capital).....	209,273.83
Deferred—do.—do.—do.....	148,632.83
Funded 3 per cent. do.....	50,038.11
Bank Stock.....	44,725.00
	<hr/> 452,669.77

*School Funds*

Bonds collaterally secured.....	1,020,542.27
New Lands received in payment of School Bonds, price at which received,.....	194,000.00
Funded 6 per cent. Stock, (real capital).....	14,048.00
Deferred—do.—do.—do.....	5,455.07
Funded 3 per cent. do.....	4,571.95
	<hr/> 1,238,617.29

*Annual Expense of Government*

Viz.

Salaries of Executive Officers,.....	8,630.00
Debentures and Contingent expenses of the Legislature for two Sessions,.....	17,100.00
Debenture of the Supreme Court of Errors,.....	550.00
Judicial expenses,.....	6,100.00
Expense of Newgate prison,.....	4,000.00
Charges of Paupers and Vagrants,.....	4,500.00
Allowance of 2 dollars on the 1,000 of the List, being a draw-back from the State Tax,.....	12,000.00
	<hr/> 52,880.00

# ELEGIAC EPISTLES

ON THE

CALAMITIES

OF

LOVE AND WAR

Including a genuine Description of the Tragical Engagement between his Majesty's Ships the *Scrapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, and the Enemy's Squadron under the Command of PAUL JONES, on the Twenty-third of September, 1779.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS;

AND SOLD BY J. PRIDDEN, No. 100, IN FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXX.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS]

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

REPRINTED

WILLIAM ABBATT,

1922

BEING EXTRA NUMBER 80 OF THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY  
WITH NOTES AND QUERIES





## EPISTLE THIRD

To ELOISA

FROM scenes where Fancy droops her languid wing,  
And private woes from public discords spring;  
Where hostile centinels, with assuming power  
And pointed weapons, guard each passage-door,  
In what sad numbers shall the Muse relate  
The unceasing rage of unpropitious fate;  
Or how address, amidst the direful strife,  
My ELOISA, and my dearest wife!

The *Gallic* lovers, to misfortune doom'd,  
Whose names we have from similar woes assum'd,  
That *tranquil* life were destin'd to retain  
For which the writer long has sigh'd in vain.  
Remote from tumult, 'midst the sacred vale  
Each, unmolested, breath'd their plaintive tale.  
Her balmy pinions Peace around them spread,  
Nor war nor ocean fill'd their minds with dread.  
Soft scenes of solitude and careless ease  
Their griefs might *soften*, though they could not please;  
While o'er the hallowed domes the organ's strains  
With these conspir'd to mitigate their pains.  
No worldly cares their calm retreats annoy'd,  
Nor family-wants solicitude supply'd:  
Each knew the other from those ills secur'd  
So oft from painful indigence endur'd;  
Nor for a numerous offspring, dearly lov'd,  
Their vacant breasts parental anguish prov'd.  
Yet deeply wretched was their direful state;  
Consign'd the victims of a hapless fate!  
What eye can read the story of their woe,

And not with pity's grateful current flow?  
The tragic volume ne'er before me lies  
But o'er my breast the pangs of pity rise:  
While oft I wish the sacred cells to view  
Where each retiring, bade the world adieu;  
Elaps'd the course of numerous years, to death  
With mind serene resign'd their parting breath.  
Return, my muse, where recent ills await  
To increase the annals of disastrous fate.

From War's malignant reign what evils flow!  
(Parent of ruin and tremendous woe!)  
How many fathers grieve for children slain!  
How many sons lament their sires in vain!  
How many widows fruitlessly deplore  
The husbands fated to behold no more!—  
Commerce and Arts the hostile æra mourn,  
And towns and cities undistinguish'd burn:  
Hence antient lore from Eastern empires fled,  
And dreadful ruin o'er each region spread;  
Regions no more with envied bulwarks crown'd,  
Nor o'er the world triumphantly renow'nd.

Yet when our COMMERCE o'er the wasting main  
Insulting Powers endeavour to restrain,  
The sons of war, inur'd the scene to brave,  
Must pour their thunder o'er the briny wave:  
Whene'er to arms our COUNTRY'S safety calls,  
And Enemies threaten to invade our walls,  
Each Individual must then unite  
To oppose the danger, and sustain the fight.  
Then no domestic feuds, or civil jar  
Should interrupt the necessary war;  
But interested in one general cause,

(To guard our Properties, Religion, Laws)  
Each party then should amicably join,  
And all their efforts chearfully combine.  
Success from *harmony* will ever flow,  
And conquest humble each aspiring foe;  
But where divisions and dissensions reign,  
Assembling Armies are supply'd in vain.

But leave, my muse, to other pens the charge  
To sing the fortune of the war at large;  
While I proceed, in numbers more confin'd,  
To paint the Action for my task assign'd.

Three weeks, assail'd by inauspicious gales,  
That rent their bulwarks and reduc'd their sails,  
Our ships contended with the raging seas,  
When Heaven assign'd a favorable breeze;  
And as across the deep, at noon of day,  
The optic tube enlarg'd the visual ray,  
Where native skies shone tranquil and serene,  
Not distant far the British cliffs were seen.  
Around the languid and exhausted crew  
The grateful tidings animating flew:  
With fancy'd joys Imagination teems,  
And o'er each face returning pleasure beams.

Though soft humanity but seldom deigns  
To shed her influence on the liquid plains,  
(The ungenial element whose sons are found  
Ruff as the torrent that revolves around)  
Some few there are who feel the grateful glow  
That from affection and from duty flow.  
To prove his love for an affectionate wife,  
And to preserve an aged mother's life,

A pound of tea one's jacket-lining held,  
 And one's a pound of coffee-beans conceal'd.  
 Ye watchful crew whom power abus'd decrees  
 The practis'd smuggler's ponderous loads to seize,  
 Forbear to arrest the little hoards of those  
 From whose laborious toils our commerce flows;  
 Nor meanly rob them of that little joy  
 Their trivial gifts are destin'd to supply.

Oft as we traverse the tempestuous vale  
 Of human life (records the moral tale)  
 Some unexpected storm is found to arise  
 Where close in view the wish'd-for haven lies.  
 While each attentive ey'd the gladdening shore,  
 And Fancy deem'd each threatening danger o'er  
 The exultive mariners hope where Humber flows,  
 With night's return to share the wish'd repose:  
 More pleasing thoughts, that sleep's access deny'd,  
 The writer's breast impatiently supply'd:  
 Eager to grasp the lines inscrib'd by you,  
 The hastening *morn* a happier picture drew;  
 Fill'd every vein with a tumultous joy,  
 And in my breast renew'd the grateful sigh,  
 Till information led us to pursue  
 The hostile fleet that soon appear'd in view;  
 PAUL JONES the ruler of the motley crew.

Heavens! that a man, forgetting nature's laws,  
 Should take up arms against his country's cause!  
 Join with the common enemy, and dare  
 To his native walls to bear the guilty war!—  
 The crime is such when, lost to filial love,  
 The barbarous son his mother's death would prove;  
 Devote, to gratify delusive charms,  
 Her life who kindly nurs'd him in her arms.

Long had the bold invaders o'er the main  
Annoy'd our traffic, and our vessels ta'en;  
Impower'd to sink, to burn, and to destroy,  
The smallest bark still strove in vain to fly.  
Some recent capture, as each day return'd,  
The sorrowing wife or grieving matron mourn'd;  
Whose husband's—son's—assiduous care supply'd  
The needful sustenance no more enjoy'd.  
For us was doom'd the dangerous essay  
The progress of their bold career to stay.

The rebel chief assembles all his crew,  
And with these words their fix'd attention drew:  
"Ye gallant lads—asserters of the cause  
So crown'd with honor and deserv'd applause;  
Whose fortunes are already nearly made  
By the numerous captures to our ports convey'd;  
(Nor have you seen me spare my native shore  
Where Caledonia hears her billows roar;  
Where, rous'd to arms at Freedom's glorious call,  
Forsaking father—mother—kindred all,  
I went in quest of fortune to the plains  
Where on our side the war triumphant reigns);  
Say, are you willing to engage the Foe  
Whose course now bears to meet the fatal blow?  
For if their force be all we now descry,  
Not long their efforts can the fight supply:  
Nor though their strength increase, 'tis now too late  
For us to 'scape the destiny of Fate.  
Consider, too, what treatment we must meet  
(Deem'd REBELS!) should we yield to a defeat.  
Better to fall in war's vindictive strife,  
Than 'midst inglorious chains to part with life.  
For you whose wounds (if wounds prevail) demand

The care of those that rule the Western Land,  
Expect those liberal pensions to enjoy  
Their rich resources can so well supply."  
The hapless crew consentingly unite  
To aid their leader in the approaching fight.

Suppress'd the rage of *Elemental* war,  
BELLONA now assumes her flaming car:  
At her approach tranquility retires,  
And, rous'd to arms, each softer thought expires.  
*All hands to quarters!*—now was heard around;  
*All hands to quarters!*—from the decks rebound:  
The ready crew the summons throng to obey,  
While Fate to slaughter dooms the tragic day!  
To arrange the cannon, and adjust them so  
As might be likeliest to annoy the foe,  
Each in his hand a massy crow sustains,  
And o'er the scene a dread confusion reigns!

Meanwhile the commerce to our charge consign'd,  
Pass'd unmolested for the ports design'd:  
Secure from the pursuit of those who, though  
They should not strike, shall mourn the impending blow;  
And while oblig'd to form the quick retreat,  
Shall deem a victory almost a defeat.

Amaz'd, the Enemy (dubious of our force)  
Beheld our dauntless persevering course:  
Again survey'd us with perspective eye;  
Again astonish'd that we came so nigh:  
Still thought some aiding vessel in the rear  
Would, ere we met, within their sight appear;  
Till they conceiv'd (a nearer view attain'd)  
The conquest easy which they dearly gain'd.

Now o'er the trembling wave the queen of night  
Refulgent beam'd with a reflected light:  
Hush'd the loud murmurs of the deep profound,  
An awful stillness seem'd to reign around;  
Till form'd the line where from each quarter flew  
The sonorous charge each hasten'd to renew;  
While death-devouring flames impetuous rise,  
And clouds of sulphur darken all the skies!  
High on its staff in conflagration shines  
The pendent flag that varied stripes combines,  
Where 'midst his crew the rebel warrior stands,  
And furious issues round his dire commands;  
With flattering promises here courage warms,  
And there inflicts the fatal laws of arms.  
In close attack the desperate fight proceeds;  
No piteous pang the raging war impedes:  
The thundering strife awakes the shores around,  
And seas and skies with dreadful voice resound!

Now scenes of woe the tender breast assail,  
And furnish matter for the tragic tale;  
The cries of wounded mingling with the noise  
The warring tumult every where supplies;  
While, doom'd the seas with streaming blood to stain,  
The decks are crowded with the breathless slain;  
Where thrice the number on our side that fell,  
Of the desperate enemy bade the world farewell.  
Such the sad scene where'er her guilty hand  
Rebellion raises 'gainst her native land;  
The fortune such of those who rashly dare  
To join the leaders of unlawful war:  
Better the ills of adverse fate to meet  
With innocence, than guiltfully retreat.\*

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\*Alluding to the excuse made by some of Jones's officers for their being under his command.



Should now the Congress whose usurp'd sway  
 Deluded subjects blindly obey,  
 The most elated and enriching line  
 The hapless writer of these lays assign,  
 Against his king or country to unite,  
 Secur'd from all the dangers of the fight,  
 The proffer'd gifts I would with scorn refuse,  
 Nor *on such terms* dismiss the mourning Muse.

Would grief permit her to extend her flight  
 Beyond the Atlantic, and at large recite  
 The dire effects from civil strife that flow,  
 And each sad monument of wilful woe,  
 Where jarring interests Reason's optics blind,  
 And baneful prejudice perverts the mind,  
 In strains more tragic would extend the page  
 That henceforth may some abler bard engage:  
 Enough for me to trace the destin'd tale  
 Where present ills more forcibly prevail.

While ardent yet the warriors engage,  
 And urge the battle with tumultuous rage,  
 Should but one spark the magazine pervade  
 Where the combustibles of death are laid,  
 One general fate would to eternal sleep  
 Consign the hapless tenants of the deep!  
 Such was the tragic scene that late befel,  
 On Gallia's coast, the ship that fought so well;  
 The scene that swept at once from mortal view  
 The gallant FARMER and his valiant crew.\*

Blest be the Prince whose liberal supplies  
 Hasten'd to sooth the pregnant widow's sighs!  
 Susceptible, from virtues seldom known

---

\*Captain Moses Farmer of the *Quebec* frigate.

To grace the monarch and adorn the throne,  
What sad solicitude the bosom rends  
Where adverse fate connubial love attends,  
As far as affluence could give redress,  
Who joy'd to mitigate deplor'd distress.  
When acts like these distinguish sovereign sway,  
Who would refuse each mandate to obey;  
Or fear the tendency of laws that bear  
The approbation of such royal care?  
Nor though, to please the discontented train  
That from delusion or design complain,  
Our Gracious Sire should, as each murmur flows,  
Dismiss the Counsellors his wisdom chose,  
Would this be found to terminate the blame  
That with each day a recent change would claim?  
While interrupted, erringly, and slow,  
The important business of the State would flow.

Nor be, my muse, the grateful task deny'd  
To sing the Princess to his arms ally'd:  
Emblem of virtue and each grace serene!  
Whose mild demeanor dignifies the Queen!  
With every merit form'd to engage  
The world to copy her instructive page;  
To sooth the painful cares of regal sway,  
And gild the throne with a celestial ray!—

## EPISTLE THIRD

*In Continuation*

**A** GAIN, my muse, the sad review sustain  
 Where war triumphant rides upon the main:  
 The gallant Chiefs by desperate foes annoy'd,  
 Undaunted, yet the arduous fight supply'd:  
 Still o'er their heads Britannia's ensigns wave,  
 And still their enemies they dare to brave;  
 Who, while with each report their ships are rent,  
 Amaz'd and trembling dread the dire event!  
 Long will the annals of historic fame  
 Resound with PEARSON'S and with PIERCY'S name;  
 Who jointly with such fortitude engag'd  
 Where triple force the unequal combat wag'd.

For *quarter*, now, the Enemy's heard to cry,  
 While arm'd with swords and pikes conceal'd they lie:  
*Do you strike?* our gallant Commodore demands;  
 No answer's made, and silent are all hands.  
 Swift o'er the battlements, their decks to gain,  
 Our sailors mount, and tread amidst the slain,  
 When on them rush the unexpected foe,  
 But by retreating, 'scap'd the destined blow.  
 —'Twas thus the rebel chief successless try'd  
 To gain what yet the force of arms deny'd.

Again the bursts of cannon rend the sky!  
 Dreadful again the distant shores reply!  
 While raging flames amid the gloom of night  
 Emit an awful and tremendous light!

Obscur'd the lustre of the lunar ray,  
Nor lightsome stars the Ethereal orbs display:  
The aspect such as when in thundering showers  
Her warring elements Vesuvius pours.

While safe on shore the world lay wrapt in sleep,  
Four hours the combat echoed o'er the deep.  
But vain with *numbers* courage would oppose;  
In vain the Action still forbear to close:  
To superior force compell'd at length to yield,  
Again we're doom'd to plow the liquid field;  
Where tottering masts beneath their pressure bend  
And rising winds the weakened canvas rend:  
Unknown what clime shall yield the imprisoning shore,  
Or if we e'er shall view Britannia more.

Had then some messenger, with kindly aid  
The wish'd-for Letter to my hands convey'd,  
The acquisition with celestial power  
Had sooth'd the miseries of the present hour.  
Not then so sadly had I fix'd my eye  
Where the lessening land renew'd each painful sigh;  
Not then, while traversing the watery way,  
So mourn'd the adverse fortune of the day.

To whom, to mitigate the latent smart,  
Shall private anguish each distress impart?  
On ocean's dreary mansions dwell not those  
By nature form'd to soften human woes;  
Thy angelic sex!—whom bounteous heaven design'd  
To polish and to *humanize* mankind.  
With just emotion did the Tragic bard\*  
Whose memory claims each female's soft regard,

---

\*Otway

Exclaim that MAN, had WOMAN fail'd to charm,  
 From brutes had differ'd but in human form.  
 By you sublim'd, we feel the tender woe  
 That makes the sigh to heave—the tear to flow,  
 When others' grief that sympathy incites  
 Which every virtue in its power unites.  
 But where no female intercourse is known,  
 (That intercourse the mind supplies alone)  
 Rude as the tenants of the forest drear,  
 The sons of human-kind will e'er appear;  
 Save those whom nature, singularly kind,  
 With *native* softness fabricates the mind.  
 From YOU, Society (Life's cordial scene!)  
 Assumes that soothing and celestial mien  
 Which can each tumult of the mind serene.  
 Engender'd midst the harsh discordant noise  
 The Tuscan grape or Indian cane supplies,  
 How gross the attachments Men which each maintain  
 To those between your tender sex that reign!  
 'Tis *yours* each varied scene of bliss to know  
 From ties of virtuous intercourse that flow;  
 Where friendship's balmy power, that never cloy,  
 Contracts your sorrows, and augments your joys.

No more the Muse where Humber's billows flow  
 Shall tune the lyre to elegies of woe;  
 No more soft pity sooth her plaintive strain  
 Where H(A)MM(ON)D and where W(I)LB(E)RF(OR)CE remain;  
 Whose generous breasts have felt the virtuous sigh  
 Which sense and sensibility supply:  
 By nature form'd to bless the marriage-ties,  
 And crown each day with unremitting joys.

Beware, fair Nymphs, with whom your lots you bind;  
 Your sex in *husbands* seldom *lovers* find.

Too soon with most the nuptial season's o'er,  
And sated passion warms the heart no more:  
Or gain'd the dowry that selection made,  
Too oft the female finds herself betray'd  
Who, since no remedy can now be found,  
Submits to bear the matrimonial wound;  
And if she shares the pageantry of life,  
Is by the world esteem'd the happy wife.  
Nor can the genial bliss you wish prevail  
Where grateful sense and pliant temper fail;  
Or where devoid of tender feelings, glows  
No soothing pity for inflicted woes.  
Such must be found to prove the callous train  
Who laugh at love, and satyryze the pain  
Which generous minds are fated to sustain:  
Who scorn to view the sad historic page  
Where virtuous passion mourns misfortune's rage;  
Or view *unmov'd* the lamentable tale  
Where mutual loves their mutual griefs bewail;  
Nor think the plaints of absence well supply'd  
Where numerous years the nuptial knot have tied.\*

In vain would Fancy fly the painful view  
On sable wings she hastens to renew;  
In vain the regions linger to forego  
Where soft compassion sooths the sense of woe.  
Constrain'd by adverse fortune's stern decrees  
With war to combat and the raging seas,  
From happier scenes revolving thought returns  
Where sighs the husband, and the parent mourns.

Again the moon resumes her midnight reign,  
Again extends her influence o'er the main.  
(How happy now the humble peasant's lot

---

\*Love is now made to stand for a passion that ceases the moment it is gratified.—LANGHORNE.

Who sleeps secure within his peaceful cot,  
 Where no tumultuous billows round him roar,  
 Nor dangers urge when tempests beat the shore!)  
 Wreck'd by the combat that so doubtful prov'd,  
 Slow through the deep the victor's war-ship mov'd.  
 Press'd by the waves that through her breaches glide,  
 No more she rises with the rising tide:  
 With ocean now her tallest masts she blends,  
 And down the yielding element descends.\*

The Fleet to windward, with sagacious care,  
 To elude pursuit the foe retreating bear;  
 Unable now those Northern towns to invade  
 They under contribution meant to have laid.  
 At length the Texel's stormy port we gain,  
 Where Winter hastens to confirm his reign:  
 Ere which we hope that liberty to find  
 Which sheds a softening influence o'er the mind.  
 In vain we hop'd!—when weeks and months are o'er,  
 Still doom'd the captives of some hostile shore.  
 Meantime, the prisoners which our holds contain  
 (Where scenes of dire distress increasing reign)  
 Despondent grow, and desperately try  
 By force to gain what other means deny:  
 Scenes that sad fancy sickens to relate,  
 That still with *slaughter* mark our singular fate,  
 Renew the horrors of each dreadful night,  
 And awful rend the day's returning light;  
 No life secure amidst the carnage drear  
 Which guilt and innocence alike must fear.  
 Nor safe from wreck the shattered vessels ride

---

\*It has been asserted that a number of the wounded (who might have been timely removed) went down with her: but as the Author had not ascertained, when he wrote this review of the Action the certainty of such a catastrophe, he was unwilling to charge even the enemy of his country with an act of inhumanity of which he might not happen to be guilty.

Amidst the conflict of the winds and tide;  
While ships of war continue to blockade  
The path through which our exit must be made.

Whate'er the sequel of our fates may prove,  
Still guard, O HEAVEN, the tender Fair I love!  
May she with each returning day be blest,  
And every night afford her tranquil rest.  
Support her still that virtue to maintain  
For which life's pleasures were acquir'd in vain;  
So sure the scenes of misery and woe  
From Guilt's delusive invitations flow;  
So soon her votaries bewail the fate  
They grasp too early, and repent too late.  
Like fam'd PENELOPE, whom antient song  
Avers to have held her constancy so long,  
May ELOISA grace the modern page,  
And with her virtues soften Fortune's rage:  
Till like ULYSSES, Time at length shall land  
Again the writer on his native strand;  
Where mutual love no longer shall deplore  
The absent fated to return no more.

Now cease, my muse—forever cease the strain  
Resum'd with each returning morn in vain!  
Ye fabled nymphs invok'd so oft, so long,  
In varied numbers to awake the song  
That still in one sad plaintive tenor flow'd,  
As through my veins love's fatal passion glow'd,  
My breast no more with epic verse inspire,  
Nor tune to anguish the responding lyre!  
Farewell the Doric reed that o'er the plains  
Once rous'd the attention of the village-swains;  
Awoke the solitudes where Fancy stray'd  
To view the charms of the too-lovely maid,



When first the influence of those charms supply'd  
 The impatient wish the tide of Fate deny'd;  
 Where first I felt the torments of despair,  
 And winds re-murmur'd the sad lover's care!  
 Farewell the awful elegiac strain  
 That still appears to die along the main!  
 Her flight no more the Muse shall e'er renew;  
 Forever, now, Pieria's mount adieu!—

Oh that the Bard as easily could forego  
 The sad ideas of continuing woe:  
 With equal ease, while adverse stars prevail,  
 Forget the scenes that tragedize the tale;  
 Or feel less forcibly the passion's rage  
 Which no affliction e'er had power to assuage,  
 Nor that enjoyment which so often cloy  
 To abate the ardor infant-love supplies!  
 But though no more revolves the painful verse  
 That would in vain new miseries rehearse;  
 Though (void of power to give the wish'd relief)  
 No more resound the elegies of grief;  
 The tuneful Nine though I henceforth resign,  
 MY LOVE FOR ELOIS' SHALL NE'ER DECLINE.

ABELARD.











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BERKELEY, CA 94720

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**C056095202**

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